

CHAP. XXVIII.

THIS Chapter contains many general *Observations* of *Impiety*, and of *Religious Integrity*, &c.

CHAP. XXIX.

IN this Chapter Solomon maketh many *Observations* about *publick* ¹⁵ and *private Government*. ²² He also maketh *Observations* on *Anger*, ²³ *Pride*, ²⁴ *Thievry*, ²⁵ *Cowardice*, and ²⁷ of *Unrighteousness*.

CHAP. XXX.

THIS Chapter contains ¹ *Agur's Confession* of his *Faith*, ⁷ and the *Two Points* of his *Prayer*. It also sheweth ¹⁰ that *mean Men* are not to be wronged: Also ¹¹ *Four wicked Generations*, and ¹⁵ of *Four Things* that are never *Satisfied*. ¹⁷ That *Parents* are not to be despised: ¹⁸ *Four Things* hard to be known, ²¹ *Four Things* exceeding *Wise*, and ²⁹ of *Four Things* very *stately* in going. ³³ And that *Wrath* is to be prevented.

CHAP. XXXI.

THIS Chapter contains *Lemuel's Lesson* of *Chastity* and *Temperance*. ⁶ That the *Afflicted* are to be *Comforted*, ⁹ and *Defended*. ¹⁰ Together with the *praise* and *properties* of a good *Wife*.

The End of the First BOOK.

Heaven

Heaven on Earth;

OR, THE

Beauty of Holiness.

BOOK. II.

CONTAINING,

The SONG of SONGS, which is the
SONG of King SOLOMON.

Composed in *English* VERSE;

And Set to MUSICK.

TOGETHER,

With various HYMNS, ANTHEMS, and CA-
NONS on several Occasions. With EXPOSITORY Notes
on the Whole.

Composed in *Two*, *Three*, and *Four* Musical PARTS accord-
ing to the most *Authentick Rules*, and set down in SCORE for *Voice* or
Instrument.

By WILLIAM TANS'UR, of *Barns*, in *Surry*. Author of
The Melody of the Heart, and *The Harmony of SION*.

Hear this, ALL ye People; Give Ear, ALL ye Inhabitants of the World.—
My Mouth shall SING of Wisdom; and the Meditation of my Heart shall
MUSE of Understanding. Psal. lxxix. 6.

LONDON:

Printed by A. PEARSON, for S. BIRT, at the Bible and Ball, in Ave-
Mary Lane. Also Sold by the AUTHOR. M.DCC.XXXVIII.

Ingenious Practitioners,

THE Figures that are fixed over the Notes of the Bisses, of all the Tunes in the several Parts of this B O O K, (when Vocally perform'd to Perfection,) do so augment to the Harmony, that there is no Deficiency in the Fullness thereof in such Tunes as are set in Three Parts, from those that are set in Four Parts: Which Notes may be perform'd as an Inner-Part, where an Organ is wanting; if some of the Tenor be sung as a Treble, in the *Octave* above, &c.

Observe, That on such Notes where nothing is figur'd, your Part may joyn with any one of the Inner-Parts, that does not make a Consecution of Perfects of one kind together from the Bass, &c.

This Part so figur'd, is most respective to the Organ, &c. which Part must be vocally perform'd with great Care and Judgment.

* * Those Figures which are set over the first, and last Notes of the Upper-Parts, serve to direct the Performer both to the Pitch, and also to the Endings of all Parts of the Concert: Which Figures shews the Concords of all the Parts from the Ground, or Bass, &c. And that in Tunes of Three and Four Parts, the Inner-parts may be omitted, and sung but in two Parts; when Voices are deficient: In the Performance of which Concert a Bassoon never ought to be wanting.

Yours, W. Tans'ur.

THE
SONG of Songs:
OR,
The SONG of SOLOMON;
Commonly called The BOOK of CANTICLES,
In English Verse.
AND
Set to MUSIC K.

By MR. WILLIAM TANS'UR.

CHAP. I.

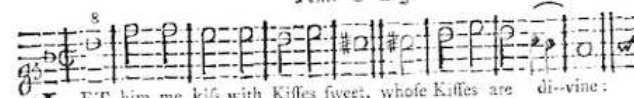
A Type of the Churches Love to Christ:
Signifying every faithful Soul.

St. Luke's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

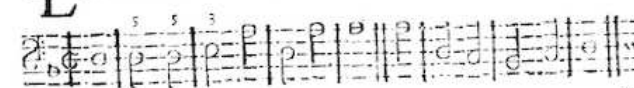
Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



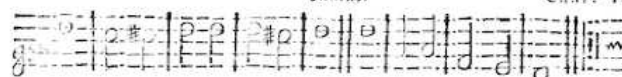
LET him me kiss with Kisses sweet, whose Kisses are di-vine:



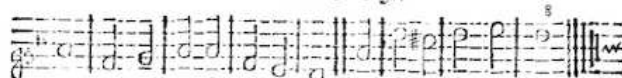
His

Cantus.

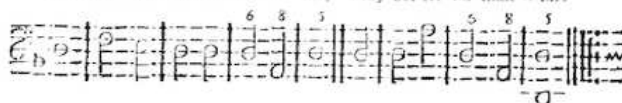
CHAP. I.



Tenor & Bass.



His Love and Favour is to me, Yea, better far than Wine.



- 3 Ev'n as an Ointment poured forth,
So is thy Saviour pure:
Therefore the Virgins thee do love,
Thou loved art most sure.

Christ's gracious
Benefits are as
sweet Ointments.

- 4 Draw me, I'll run; the King hath brought
Me to his Place divine:
We will rejoice in thee, and keep
Thy Love far more than Wine.

Haste to seek
Christ, and keep
his Love.

- 5 I'm black, but comely, O Daughters
Of Salem, and as one
Of Kedar's Tents, and the Curtains
Of wife King Solomon.

The Church
sheweth her Dis-
formity.

- 6 Look not on me, because I'm black,
The Sun doth me inspect:
My Sisters made me Vineyards keep,
Mine own I did neglect.

Ditto.

- 7 * Tell me, O thou, whom I do love,
Where thy Flock, doth abide:
Why should I be as One that turns
By thy Companion's Side?

The Church
prayeth to be di-
rected to her
Flock.

7. If

CHAP. I.

Christ directeth
her to the Shep-
herd's Tent.

- 8 If thou know'st not, O thou most fair,
Among all Women kind;
Go by the Foot-steps of the Flock,
By th' Tents, thou feed shalt find.

Christ sheweth
his Love and
Strength to the
Church.

- 9 I have compared thee, my Love,
To Pharaoh's Horses fine:
10 Thy Cheeks are comely, and thy Neck
With Chains of Gold do shine.

And gives her gra-
cious Promises.

- 11 We will thee costly Borders make,
Of precious, shining Gold:
With silver Studs, we'll thee adorn,
Most comely to behold.

- 12 * Whilst the King at his Table sits,
(Whose Honour doth excell:)
My Spikenard, instantly doth move,
And sendeth forth its Smell.

The Church and
Christ congratu-
late one another.

- 13 As Myrror, my Well-beloved is,
To Me he gives Delight:
And he shall lie between my Breasts,
I'll hug him all the Night.

Myrror meaneth
his Holiness.

- 14 My Well-beloved, is to me
Ev'n as a Cluster (nigh):
Of Cypress, or Camphire, within
The Vineyard Engedi.

The Grapes of
Engedi, meaneth
his saving Health.

- 15 Behold, thou art most fair, my Love,
In thee Dove's Eyes are seen:
16 Thou pleasant art, O my Belov'd;
Also our Bed is green.

Christ's Love to
the Church.

- 17 The Blessed Beams, ev'n of our House,
Are made of Cedar bright:
The Rafter, they are made of Fir;
Oh place of Heav'nly Light!

The Beauty of the
Church.

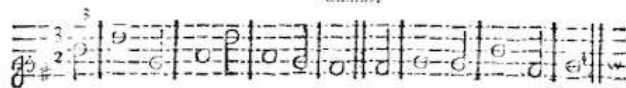
CHAP.

CHAP. II.

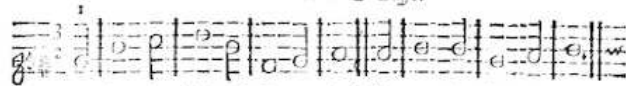
1. 2. *The mutual Love of Christ and his Church, which is as beautiful as the Lilly among Thorns.*

St. James's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

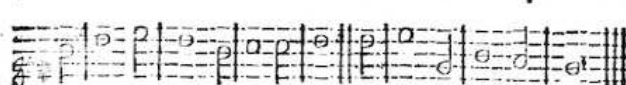
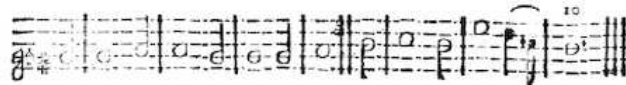
Cantus.



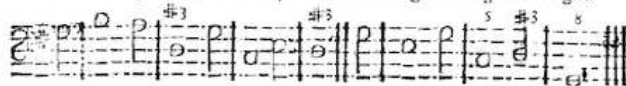
Tenor & Bass.



1. Am the Rose of Sharon, And like as the Lil—ly white



2. Ev'n among Thorns, so is my Love, A-mong the Daughters bright.



3. Like as the Apple-Tree, among
The Trees ev'n of the Wood:
So is my Love among the Sons;
A Fruit most sweet and good.

Or, as Apples in
the Wood.

3. Under

CHAP. 2.

3.
Under the Shadow, down I sit,
With Joy, which was most meet:
His Fruit was comely to behold,
And to my Taste most sweet.

Meaning the
Fruit of the Tree
of Life.

4. He brought me to the Banquet, and
Did his Affection move:
5. Stay me with Flaggons, comfort me,
For I am sick of Love.

Meaning his ho-
ly Communion.

6. His Left-Hand, doth my Head support,
Yea, under it hath Place:
His Right-Hand doth me safely aid,
Also doth me embrace.

Christ's Love and
Aid to the
Church.

7. O Daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge ye, by the Hind:
That ye not stir, nor wake my Love,
'Till he to wake's inclin'd.

Daughters, the
Members of the
Church, disturb
her not.

8. * The Voice of my beloved One,
Behold he cometh nigh!
Leaping, and Skipping, on the Hills,
And Tops of Places high.

The Hope of
Christ.

9. My Well-belov'd, is like a Roe,
Or like as a Young Hart:
Behold, he stands behind our Wall,
His Eyes to th' Window dart.

The coming of
Christ, under the
Name of a Roe,
or Hart, looking
thro' the Grates
of a Window.

10. My Well-belov'd, unto me spake,
And thus to me did say:
Rise up my Love, my fair One, rise,
Rise up, and come away.

Christ calling to
the Church.

11. For lo, the Winter it is past,
The Rain is over gone:
12. The Fleets appear, the Turtle's heard,
The Singing Birds are come.

He comforts her,
telling her, Grace
and Salvation was
come, and Sin
was killed.

[136] *The Song of Songs:*

11.
13 The *Fig-tree*, and the *Vine* puts forth,
The *Grape* is fine and gay:
Arise my *Love*, my fair One, rise,
Arise, and come away.

12.
14 O thou my *Dove*, that art in Clefts
Of *Rocks*, let me thee see:
Thy Voice is sweet, let me it hear,
Thou comely art to me.

13.
15 Take us the *Foxes*, that do spoil
The *Vines*, which are our Joy:
Yea, take the *little Foxes*, that
Our tender *Grapes* destroy.

14.
16 * My Well-beloved, he is mine,
And I am his Delight:
I do him love, and he doth feed
Among the *Lillies*, white.

15.
27 'Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
Turn my Beloved, nigh:
And be thou like a *Roe*, or *Hart*,
On *Bether's* Mountains high.

CHAP. 2.

Christ calls again.

The Church
hides her self in
the Rocks from
Christ, because
of her Sins.

Foxes, the
Church's En-
emies: being mali-
cious & crafty.

The Profession of
the Church.

Her Faith, &
Hope.

CHAP.

Or, SOLOMON'S Song in Verse. Book II. [137]

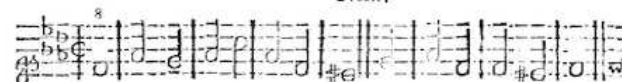
CHAP. III.

The Churches fight, and Victory in Temptation.

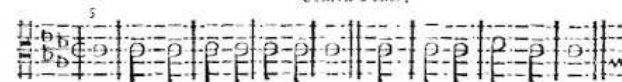
1. 2. *The Church seeketh Christ.*

St. Paul's Tune: Composed in Four Parts. W. T.

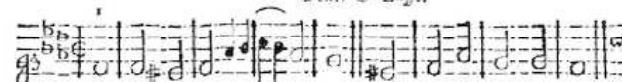
Treble.



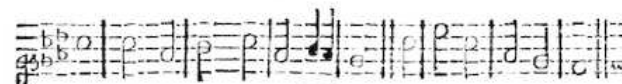
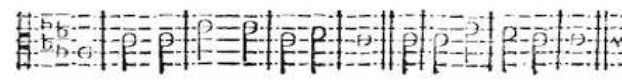
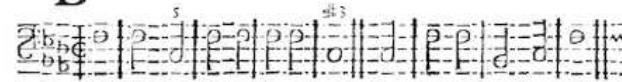
Contra Tenor.



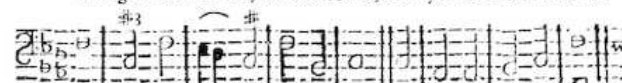
Tenor & Bass.



B Y Night, upon my Bed, I fought Him whom I lov'd most found:



I fought him whom my soul hath lov'd, But yet have not him found.



T

2. PII

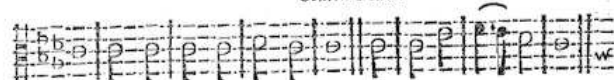
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CHAP. 3.

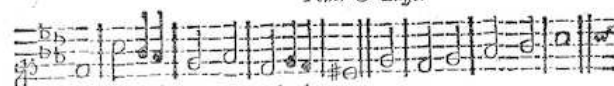
Treble.



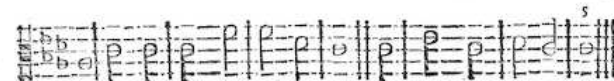
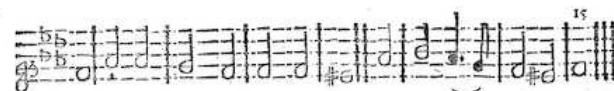
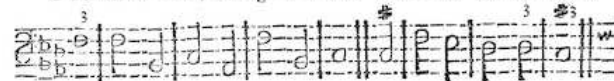
Contra-Tenor.



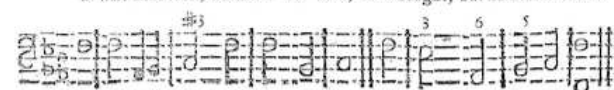
Tenor & Bass.



2 I'll now a—rise, and go a—bout The Ci—ty, and the Street :



I will him seek, whom I do love, I've sought, but can't him meet.



3 The

CHAP. 3.

3. The *Watch-men* that do wander in
The *City* saw me there :
To whom I said, *have ye saw him,*
Whom my Soul loveth dear ?

She asketh after
Christ.

4. I passed farther, and him found,
And would not let him go :
I held him fast, 'till I him brought,
My *Mother's House* into.

The Church joins
her self with
Christ.

5. O *Daughters of Jerusalem,*
I charge you by the *Hind* :
That ye not stir, nor wake my *Love,*
'Till he to *Wake's* inclin'd.

Daughters Mem-
bers of the
Church, disturb
him not.

6. Who cometh from the *Wilderness,*
Ev'n like as *Smoak,* from thence ?
Perfum'd with all the *Powders* of
Sweet *Myrrh,* and *Frankincense.*

Christ delivers
her out of the
Wilderness of
Affliction, like
Smoak, perfum'd
with Myrrh, &c.

7. Behold his *Bed,* ev'n *Solomon's,*
About the same doth dwell
Ev'n fourscore able, valiant Men,
Yea, Men of *Israel.*

Christ shews her
his Place of Rest ;
and how it is
guarded.

8. They all hold *Swords,* and are well skill'd
In *War* ; and Men of *Might* :
Each hath his *Sword,* for to defend,
And guard safe all the *Night.*

The Church's
Guard.

9. A *Chariot Solomon* hath made,
Of Wood of *Lebanon* :
Its *Pillars* are of *Silver* bright,
And *Gold* they stand upon.

The Beauty of
the Church.

10. The *Cov'ring,* is of *Purple* pure
With *Ornaments* above ;
For *Daughters of Jerusalem,*
The *Midst* is pav'd with *Love.*

Love, the
Church's Beauty.

T 2

11 Go

II.

11 Go forth, ye *Daughters of Sion*,
View *Sol'mons* Crown, most bright:
Ev'n that wherewith his *Mother* crown'd
Him in th' espousal Night.
To Father, Son, &c.

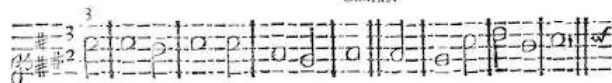
The Glory of
the Church.

CHAP. IV.

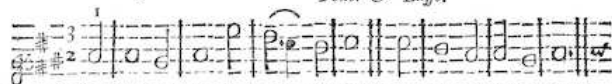
1 Christ sheweth the Graces of the Church by
Comparison.

St. Phillip's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

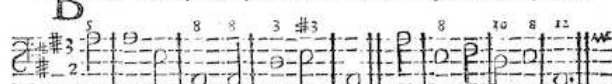
Cantus.



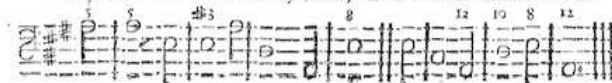
Tenor & Bass.



1 Behold thou'rt fair, my Love, thou hast *Dove's* Eyes within thy Looks:



Thy Hair is like as ma-ny Goats, Ev'n such as *Gilead's* Flocks:



2 Thy

2 Thy *Teeth*, are like a *Flock*, new thorn,
That do from washing come:
Whereof, they ev'ry one bear *Twins*,
And Barren there are none.

The Church.

3 Thy *Lips* are like a scarlet *Thread*,
Thy *Speech* it doth invite:
Likewise thy sacred *Temples*, they
Are as *Pomegranates* like.

The Church.

4 Thy *Neck* is like to *David's* Tower,
Built for an *Arm'ry* bright:
Whereon doth hang a thousand *Shields*,
And *Arms* of Men of Might.

The Church.

5 Thy *Breasts*, are like as two Young *Roes*,
That are a Twin-like Pair:
Ev'n like such *Roes* as always feed
Among the *Lillies* fair.

The Church.

6 'Till the Day break, and Shadows they,
Do flee away from hence:
I'll get to the Mountain of *Myrrh*,
And Hill of *Frankincense*.

The Church's
Faith and Hope.

7 O thou my Love, O thou art fair,
And comely unto me!
Thou art most pure, O thou my Love!
There is no Spot in thee.

The Church
deems Christ un-
spotted.

8 * Come, come with me, from *Lebanon*,
My *Spouse*, come, and look from
The Tops of *Amana*, *Senir*,
Mountains, and from *Hermon*.

Christ shews his
Love to the
Church.

9 O thou hast ravished my Heart,
My *Spouse*, thou dost surprize!
One of thy Chains have ravish'd me,
My *Sister*, with thy Eyes.

The Church al-
lureth Christ.

10 How

[142] The SONG of Songs :

10. How fair's thy Love, O thou my Spouse!
My Sister most divine!
O how much better is thy Love!
And Ointment more than Wine.

11. Thy Lips, my Spouse, as Honey drop,
Milk is under thy Tongue:
Thy Garments they do smell, ev'n as
The Sweets of Lebanon.

12. Like to a Garden clofed up,
So is my Sister dear:
My Spouse is as a Spring shut close,
Or sealed Fountain clear.

13. Thy Plants, they are an Orchard of
Pomegranates, to behold:
With Spikenard, Camphire and all Fruits,
That are more worth than Gold.

14. Spikenard, and Saffron, Calamus,
And all that sweet doth smell:
With Cinnamon, and Frankincense,
And ALL that Tongue can tell.

15. A Fountain of rich Gardens great,
Waters, that never die:
And Streams that come from Lebanon,
And Places joyning nigh.

16. * Awake North-wind, also the South,
Upon my Garden blow:
(Let my Beloved come and eat,
That Spices out may flow.

CHAP. 4.

The Sweetness
of the Church.

Meaning the Bo-
dy of the Church.

Meaning the
Soul of the
Faithful.

The Body of the
Church compa-
red.

To all Sweets.

The Church
calls Christ a
Fountain of li-
ving Water.

The Church
prays to be fir-
ed for Christ's
Presence.

CHAP.

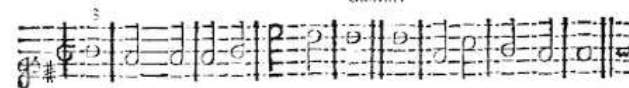
Or, SOLOMON'S SONG in Verse. Book II. [143]

CHAP. V.

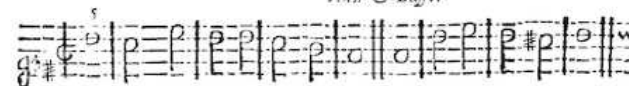
1. Christ awaketh the Church with his calling the
Faithful.

St. Saviour's Tune : Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

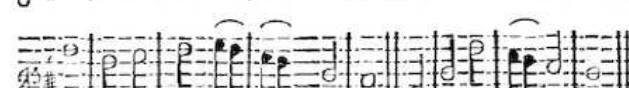
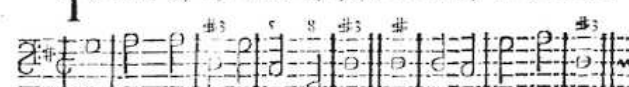
Cantus.



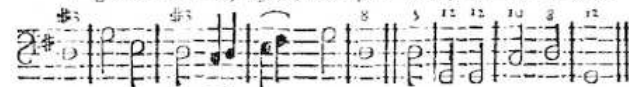
Tenor & Bass.



I'M come, my Sister, and my Spouse, I'm to my Gar-den come:



I gather'd have my Myrrh, with Spice, O my Be-lov-ed One!



2.
I've drank my Wine, with Milk, O eat
My Friends, of Wine partake:
Yea, drink abundantly, ev'n for
My Well-beloved's sake.

Calling them to a
Banquet of his
Bounty.

CHAP. 5.

Sleep, and Cares,
hinder from
Christ.

3.
* I slept, but yet my Heart slept not,
Thus calling, said my Love :
Open my Love, my undefil'd,
My Sister, and my Dove.

4.
For ev'n my Head is fill'd with Dew,
As Drops of Silver bright :
Likewise my Locks, are filled with
The Christial Drops of Night.

Christ stands,
and waits 'till his
Locks are wet
with the Dew of
the Night.

5.
I have my Coat put off, how shall
I put it on again ?
I wash'd have my Feet so clean,
That clean they will remain.

Christ is free
from Sin.

6.
Then thro' the Door-hole ev'n there was,
The Hand of my True-love :
My Heart did melt, it also caus'd
My Bowels for to move.

The Church
vents her Zeal
for Christ.

7.
I rose to open to my Love,
And my Hands drop'd great Store,
Of Myrrh, and Frankincense, upon
The Handle of the Door.

The Church
opens with Zeal
to Christ.

8.
I open'd to my Well-belov'd,
My Soul sunk when he spake :
I sought him, found not ; call'd, but he
Did me no answer make.

Christ is heard,
but not seen.

9.
The Watch-men, that i'th' City was,
Me found, and did me strike :
The Keeper took away my Veil,
Which I did much dislike.

When Christ is
absent, we fall
into the Hands
of false Teachers.

10.
O Daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge you all above :
If ye should find my Love, him tell,
That I am sick of Love,

The Church is
sick for Christ.

CHAP. 5.

A Description
of Christ, by his
Graces.

11.
* O what is thy Beloved more
Than any else above ?
That thou dost give so strict a Charge,
That we should tell thy Love ?

12.
My Well-beloved is the best,
Of Thousands to behold :
13. He's white and ruddy, with black Locks,
His Head's as finest Gold.

Christ is esteem'd
above all by the
Church.

13.
* His Eyes, are clean, and fitly set,
As the Eyes of a Dove :
14. His Cheeks, and Lips, are Spice, and Flow'rs,
Such Sweetness has my Love.

The Church's
Description of
Christ.

14.
His Hands, as Rings in Beryl set,
His Belly's Iv'ry bright :
His Looks, is ev'n as Lebanon,
15. His Legs, as Marble white.

Christ is Beauti-
ful.

15.
He altogether lovely is,
His Mouth doth sweetness vend :
O Daughters of Jerusalem,
This is my Love and Friend.

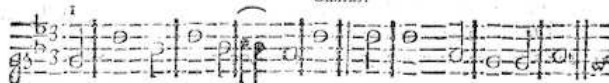
Christ, the safest
Friend.

C H A P. VI.

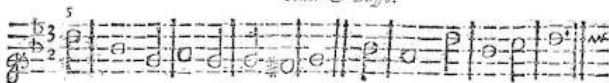
The Church sheweth her Faith in Christ.

St. Austin's Tune : Compos'd in Three Parts. W. T.

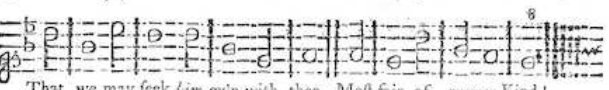
Cantus.



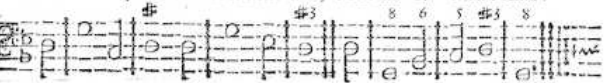
Tenor & Bass.



1 O Where is my be-lov-ed gone? Or where shall I him find?



That we may seek him ev'n with thee, Most fair of women Kind!



2. My Love is to the Garden gone,
To th' Beds of Spices sweet:
Within the Gardens for to feed,
Among the Lillies neat.

Christ is absent,
yet loved.

3. My Well-beloved, he is mine,
And I am his Delight:
I do him love and he doth feed
Amongst the Lillies white.

The Church's
Confidence in
Christ.

4 * As

4. * As Tirzah, thou art beautiful,
And ev'n as Salem bright:
And as an Army terrible,
My Love hath such a Light.

Christ sheweth the
Graces of the
Church.

5. O turn thine Eyes away from me,
They me o'ercome; thy Locks
Of Hair they are yea, like as Goats:
Ev'n such as Gilead's Flocks.

The Church ra-
tifieth Christ.

6. Thy Teeth, are like a Flock of Sheep,
That do from washing come:
Whereof, they ev'ry One are Twins,
And Barren there are none.

The Church's
Beauty.

7. Thy Locks, are as a Pomegranate,
Most lovely to behold:

The Church.

8. There's threescore Queens, and fourscore lewd,
And Virgins, can't be told.

9. My undefiled is but One,
Ev'n she her Mother rais'd:
The Daughters saw her, and her blest,
Harlots, and Queens her prais'd.

All do love the
Church.

10. * O who is he that looketh forth,
Like as the Sun so soon?
And as an Army terrible,
And fair ev'n as the Moon,

Christ sheweth
his Love to the
Church: with
its Beauty.

11. I went to the Garden of Nuts,
Ev'n where the Fruit it flood:
To see if the Vine flourish'd, and
To see Pomegranates bud.

Christ cometh to
view the
Church's Zest.

12. Before that I was well aware,
Or knew not, then my Soul
Made me like to the Chariots of
Amminidib; (most whole.)

The Church's
rash'd with
Christ.

U 2

12 Re-

12.

13 Return, return, O *Shulamite*,
That we may look on thee:
What will ye see i'th *Shulamite*?
As *Armies* Company.

Chap. 6.

The Church
calleth her Flock.

C H A P. VII.

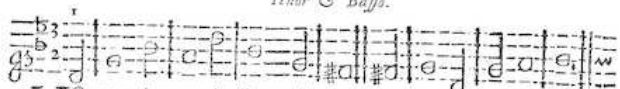
1 The Graces of the Church described.

St. Asaph's Tune: Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

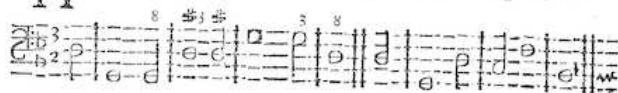
Cantus.



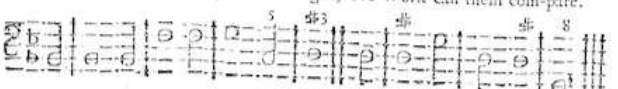
Tenor & Bass.



1 How comely are thy Feet, with Shoes, O Prin-ces Daughter, fair!



Thy Thighs are ev'n as Jew—els bright, No Work can them com-pare.



2 Thy

CHAP. 7.

2.

2 Thy Navel's like a Goblet, round,
As set in Marble bright:
Thy Belly's as an Heap of Wheat,
That's set with Lillies white.

The Church is
comely.

3.

3 Thy lovely Breasts, that are Milk white,
Are like as two Young Roes;
Yea, Roes that are a Twin-like Pair,
That on the Mountains goes.

The Church.

4.

4 Thy Neck, is as an Iv'ry Tow'r,
Thine Eyes— Pools in Heshdon:
Thy comely Nose, is also like
The Tow'r of Lebanon.

The Church.

5.

5 Thy Lovely Head, is Carmel like,
Thy Hair, is Purple bright:
The King is held in Galleries;
My Love, is for Delight.

The Church.

6.

6 Like as a Palm-Tree, beautiful,
So is thy Stature fair;
And thy sweet Breasts, are ev'n as Grapes,
That in great Clusters are.

A Similitude of
the Church's
Faith, and good
Works.

7.

7 I said, I'll to the Palm-Tree go,
And take hold on the Tree:
Thy Nose, shall as sweet Apples smell,
Thy Breasts, as Grapes shall be.

The Church
takes hold on
Christ.

8.

8 Thy Mouth, is ev'n as the best Wine,
My Love doth downwards take
Most sweetly; and doth cause the Lips
Of those that sleep to speak.

Christ's Power.

2.

10 * I am my Well-beloved's, and
To me is his Delight:
Come let us go into the Field,
In Village lodge all Night.

The Church
sweeth her
Faith in Christ.

10 We'll

10
We'll early at the *Vineyard* be,
To see the *Grape* and *Vine* :
And if the *Pomegranates* do bud,
My *Loves* shall there be thine.

11
The *Man-drakes* give a *Smell*, and at
Our *Gates* doth *Fruits* appear :
Yea, pleasant *Fruits*, laid up for thee,
O my Beloved dear !

Chap. 7.

The Church
sheweth her De-
sire for Christ.

The Church pre-
pares for Christ's
coming.

C H A P. VIII.

The Church's Love to Christ.

St. Edmund's Tune : Composed in Four Parts. W. T.

Treble.



Alto.



Tenor & Bass.



1 O That thou as my *Brother* wast ! That suck'd my *Mother's* Breast :



Or, SOLOMON'S Song in Verse. Book II. [151]

Treble.



Alto.



Tenor & Bass.



If I thee find, I'd thee sa-lute, And hug my heav'nly Guest.



2. I'd bring thee to my *Mother's* House,
Who'd give *Instruction* meet :
And thou should'st drink a spiced *Wine*,
Of my *Pomegranate* sweet.

Christ alone is
able to teach.

3. His Left-hand doth my *Head* support,
Yea, under it hath *Place* :
His Right-hand doth me safely aid,
Also doth me embrace.

Christ will sup-
port and love.

4. O *Daughters* of *Jerusalem*,
I charge you well to mind :
That ye not stir, nor wake my *Love*,
'Till he to *Wake's* endin'd.

The Church's
Members must
be ministerial, and
not be disturbing.

5. O who is this that cometh up,
Ev'n from the *Wilderness* :
Leaning upon her Well-belov'd ;
(In a most comely *Dress*.)

Christ delivers
out of the *Wild-
erness* of *Afflic-
tion*.

6 I rais'd

6.

I rais'd thee to the Apple-tree,
And also set thee there :
Just where thy *Mother* brought thee forth,
Ev'n where she did thee bear.

7.

* As a *Seal*, set me on thine Heart,
For *Love* is as *Death* strong
And *Jealousy* is as the *Grave*,
Which *Flames* do many wrong.

8.

7 Great *Waters* cannot quench *true Love*,
Nor *Floods* cannot it end :
If Man would give his *ALL* for *Love*,
It all would be condemn'd.

9.

* We have a little *Sister*, yea,
Who hath no *Breasts* at all :
What shall we do for her that *Day*,
When she shall have a call.

10.

9 If she's a *Wall*, we'll build on her
A *Palace*, most divine :
If she's a *Door*, we'll her enclose,
With *Cedar Beards* most fine.

11.

10 I am a *Wall*, also my *Breasts*
Are ev'n as *Towers* most found :
Then was in me the *Eyes*, as one
That had great *Favour* found.

12.

11 At *Baal-Hamon*, *Sol'mon* had
A *Vineyard* of *Delight* :
Which he let out, and *Fruit* to bring
A *Thousand Pieces* bright.

13.

12 My *Vineyard's* mine :— Thou *Sol'mon* must
A *Thousand Pieces* take :
And those that keep the *Fruit* thereof,
They must two hundred make.

CHAP. 8.

Christ raiseth and
bringeth Salvati-
on.

The Church de-
scribes her Seal :
Christ's Love is
as strong as Death :
And Jealousy is
consuming to all.

True Love can
neither be bought
nor sold.

The Calling of
the Gentiles.

The Dwelling of
Christ, the
Church.

The Wall and
Door, means Fi-
delity, and Con-
fession.

Solomon's Vine-
yard.

How'n must be
gain'd by Dil-
gence.

14 Thou

CHAP. 8.

14.

13 Thou that dost in the *Gardens* dwell,
And therein dost appear :
Companions hearken to thy Voice ;
Cause me the same to hear.

15.

14 * Make Haste, O my Belov'd, and be
Thou like a *Roe* ; yea, fly,
And be thou ev'n as a Young *Hart*,
On spicy Mountains high.

The Church
longs to hear
Christ.

The Church
prepareth for
Christ's coming.



X

A Com-

A
Compendious INDEX,
TO THE
The SONG of SOLOMON;

Commonly called The BOOK of CANTICLES.
Pointing out the most material Matters contained in the
Whole.

CHAP. I.

THIS Book is written under the Similitude of a *Bride*, and *Bridegroom*; meaning *Christ* and his *Church*: Wherein, *Solomon* shews the *Title* of the *Book*, and himself the *Author* of it. Then Personating the *Church* and *Christ*, ² The *Church* sheweth her *Love* to *Christ*, and greatly imploreth his *Love* to her. ⁵ Then excusing her *Imperfections* and *Deformity*, ⁷ She prayeth to be acquainted with him in his holy and divine *Ordinances*. ⁸ *Christ* then directing her, commends her *Beauty*: ¹² So they both mutually *Congratulate* each other.

CHAP. II.

IN this *Chapter*, ¹ the *Church* and *Christ* Interchange mutual *Praises* and *Prayers*. ² the *Church* both seeth and heareth *Christ* inviteth her unto him, ¹² as she prayed and rejoiced in him, &c.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

HEREIN, ¹ the *Church* diligently enquireth after *Christ*, after being absent from her: ⁴ and with joy receiveth him: ⁶ and in his *Pleasantness*, *Preciousness*, and *Power*; she admires him.

CHAP. IV.

IN this *Chapter*, ¹ *Jesus Christ* particularly extolleth his *Spouse*, the *Church*; ³ and invites her to him with the highest Expressions of *Estimation*, *Delectation*, and *Congratulation* imaginable.

CHAP. V.

IN this *Chapter*, ¹ the *Church* and *Christ* both feast together. ² At some other time by excuses and delays the *Church* for a while refuses to receive him: ⁴ is at last inwardly troubled; and then seeking him again with *Deligence* and *Suffering*, and not finding him, ⁸ she falls sick of *Love*. ⁹ She being much wonder'd at by *loose Professors*, ¹⁰ she setteth forth particularly many of his supereminent Excellencies.

CHAP. VI.

HEREIN, the *Church*, ¹ asketh after *Christ*, and professeth her Faith in him. ⁴ Whereupon *Christ* again greatly Extolleth her Excellencies; ¹¹ and Exulteth in his sweet *Communion* with her.

CHAP. VII.

IN this *Chapter*, ¹ *Christ* still continues in chanting the *Praises* of the *Church*: ¹⁰ and they both mutually *Congratulate* each other, &c.

X 2

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

THIS Chapter sheweth, ¹ How the Church declares her great desire to *Christ*; ² and the unconquerable Ardent, and ineffimable Power of *Love*. ³ Then *Christ* freely declaring his real Respects to her, as his *Building*, " and *Vineyard*, " the Church supplicating his speedy, sweet, and solacing *Holy Communion*, &c.

Observe, that Psalm the 45th is entitled, A Song of Loves; being an Epitome and Comment to his Song of Songs; both being on the very same Subject, and Style; and by the very same Author, King Solomon: only it is said, that Psalm the 45th was written in his first peaceful, prosperous, and pious Time, when he had just finished the Temple, dedicated it, and established the Worship thereof, as Instituted: And, that this Song of Songs was partly wrote in the Height of that Prosperity, in his latter Years; when he, and the People had fallen from that Purity; and had experienced Temptations, Desertions, and Restitutions, &c.

The End of Solomon's SONG.

VARIOUS

VARIOUS

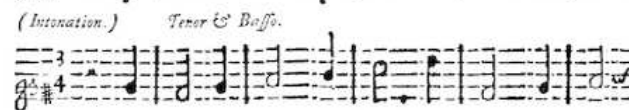
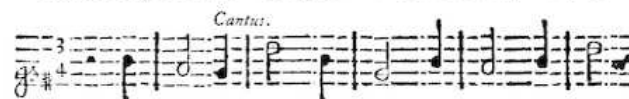
HYMNS, ANTHEMS and CANONS, &c.

On several Occasions: For Voice or Organ.

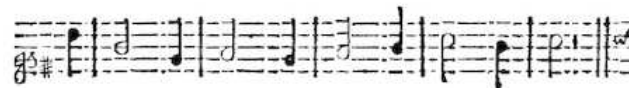
By Mr. WILLIAM TANS'UR.

I. The AUTHOR'S Delight.

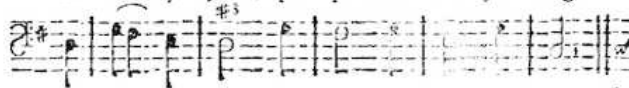
AN ACROSTICK. Composed in Three Parts. W. T.



WITH fervent Zeal, serve thou thy God and King,



In lov-ty Hymns, per-pe-tual Prai-ses sing:



Let

Continued.

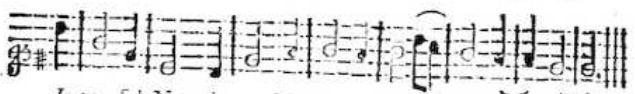
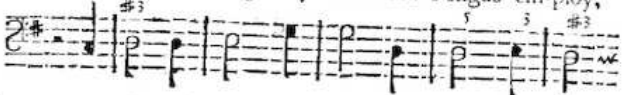
Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



Let *sa—cred Songs* thy Heart and Tongue em-ploy,



In *tuneful Notes*, in *tuneful Notes* extol thy God on high.



2.
Awake thy *Thoughts*, and *Tune* thy grateful *Lays*,
Mount thou, aloft, and Celebrate his *Praise*:
To thy *Redeemer* grateful *Honour* pay,
Ascribe all *Honour* to his *Name* alway.

3.
Not unto any other, *Praises* sing,
Since God, and CHRIST did thy *Salvation* bring:
Unto the LORD, let all thy *Labours* tend,
Rejoice in God, and *serve* him, without End.

D O X.

D O X O L O G Y.

All Praise be to the *glor'ous Trinity*,
The *Three* in one and one in *Unity*:
The *Father*, Son, and Spirit I'll adore,
In HALLELUJAHs, Now, and Evermore.
AMEN.

II. An HYMN. Taken out of the First Psalm.

To the foregoing TUNE.

THE Man is blest that never goes astray,
By false Advice, nor stands in Sinners Way:
Nor sits infected by such scornful Pride,
Which God condemns, and Piety derides.

2.
And wholly fixeth his sincere *Delight*,
On heav'nly *Laws* he studies *Day* and *Night*:
He shall be like a *Tree*, that spreads its Root,
By living *Streams*, producing timely Fruit.

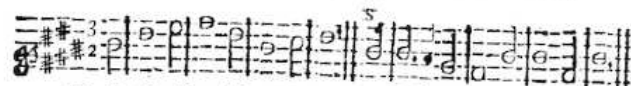
3.
Whose *Leaf* shall never fall, the LORD will bless
All his Endeavours, with desir'd Success:
Ungodly Men shall not such Favour find,
But fly like *Chaff*, before the roaring Wind.

4.
Their *Guilt* shall not the horrid *Day* endure,
Nor yet approach th' Assemblies of the *Pure*:
For God approves those Ways the *Righteous* tread,
But *sinful* Paths to sure Destruction lead.

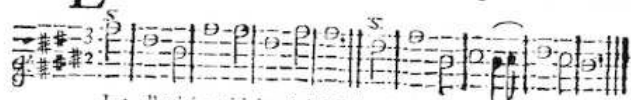
5.
All Praise be to the *glor'ous Trinity*,
The *Three* in one, and one in *Unity*:
The *Father*, Son, and Spirit we'll adore
In HALLELUJAHs, Now, and Evermore.

II. A C A-

III. A CANON, of Four in One.



L Ex ev'ry Mortal Praise the Lord: with *careful Songs* with one accord:



Let all rejoice with heav'nly Mirth: And imi-tate the same on Earth.

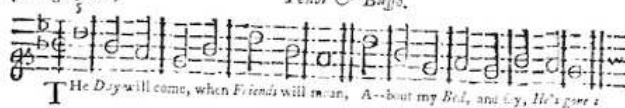
*Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise Him, all Creatures here below:
Praise Him above, ye sacred Host,
Praise Father, Son, and holy Ghost.*

IV. An HYMN, On Death.

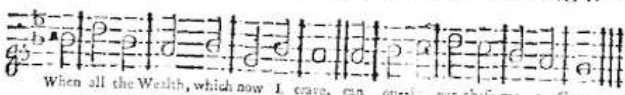
Composed in *Two Parts*. W. T.

(*Languiscent.*)

Tenor & Bass.



T He Day will come, when Friends will wean, A--bout my Bed, and say, He's gone:



When all the Wealth, which now I crave, can on-ly purchase me a Grave.



2. Then

2.
Then shall my *Body* turn to *Dust*,
Untill the *rising* of the *Just*:
But where my mortal *Soul* shall go,
This is the Thing I ought to know.

3.
To thee, O CHRIST, I do commit,
My *Soul*, thou hast redeemed it:
In all my Grief, my Comfort be,
Tho' *Sin* brought *Death*, Ye dy'd for me.

4.
Thy *Blood*, that on the *Cross* was spilt,
Is an *Atonement* for my *Guilt*:
And as thy *GRACE* doth blot the *Score*,
Me take, where I shall *Sin* no more.

AMEN.

V. The Last Scene: Or, A Thought of DEATH.

Composed in *Two Musical Parts*. W. T.

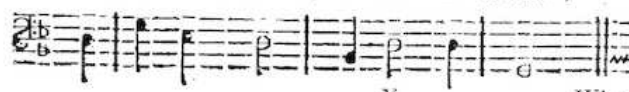
Tenor & Bass.



A --Ma--zing Change! No won--der that we dread



To think of *DEATH*, or view the *DEAD*;

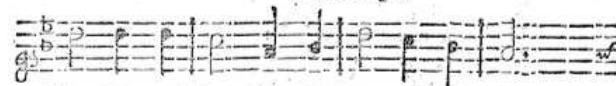


V

When

[162] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

Tenor & Bass.



When I must leave this Te—ne—ment of Clay,



And to an un-known Some-where, wing a-way:



When Time shall be E—ter—ni—ty, and thou



Shalt go thou know'st not were, and live, thou know'st not how.



VI. The

On various Occasions. Book II. [163]

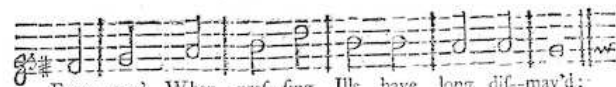
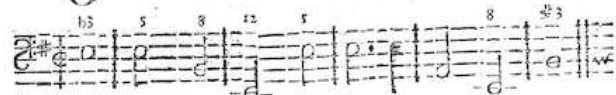
VI. *The Sufferings and Victory of CHRIST.*
Psal. xxii.

Composed in *Two Musical Parts.* W. T.

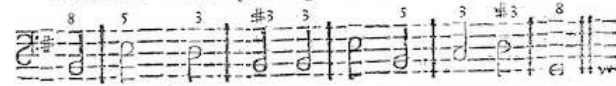
Tenor & Bass.



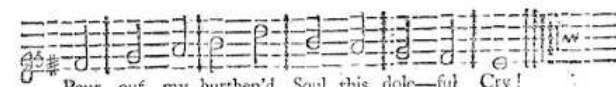
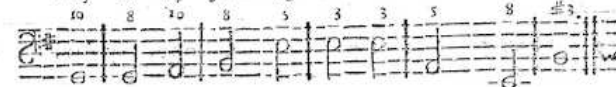
O GOD! my GOD! O why withdrawn thine Aid,



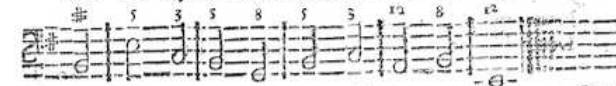
From me? When suf-f'ring Ills have long dis-may'd:



Why is thy sav-ing Arm at rest? whilst I



Pour out my burthen'd Soul, this dole-ful Cry!



Y 2

2 O'er-

2.
2 O'erwhelm'd in *Fears*, I all the Day complain,
All Night I groan, but groan alas in vain !
No Groans by Night, nor briny Tears by Day,
Awake thy *Pity*, or my *Fears* allay.
3.
Yet shall not Grief, nor gloomy *Fears* retard
My drooping Soul, from Hopes of thy Regard :
3 Thou holy art, and antient Times confess,
Still hast thou sav'd thy *Isr'el* in *Distress*.
4.
The *Mixed Tribes*, still fled to thee for Aid,
The *rescu'd Tribes*, to thee their *Praises* paid :
4 Our mourning *Sires* did on their God depend,
Not vain their *Trust*, their God did Succour send.
5.
5 To him they cry'd, and their *Distress* was o'er,
In him they Hop'd, and *Fears* perplex'd no more :
6 But I'm a *Worm*, dejected and despis'd,
By Man disown'd, tho' in his Form disguis'd.
6.
7 By rude *Spectators* view'd to abject Scorn,
As one too mean their *Species* to adorn ;
Regardless of my Woes, while passing by,
They shake their *Heads*, and thus they scoffing cry :
7.
8 Lo ! this vain Man, who on his God relies,
Bat'd in a bloody Sweat, he faints and dies :
In God he hopes, let God descend and save,
And wrest his Fav'rite from th' expelling Grave.
8.
9 But from the Womb thou took'st me, LORD, thy Arm
Ev'n in the Womb was my *Defence* from Harm :
10 In *Infant-state* my *Guardian* thou from Wrong,
Whilst helpless, hoping on the *Breast* I hung.
9.
Thou art my *Gracious* God, — my *Hope's* from hence,
From *First* to *Last*, thy Arm is my *Defence* :
Now raging Floods of Trouble round me roll,
11 LORD ! be not absent from my sinking Soul ! —

10 Thy

10.
Thy Help I crave ! — No *Seraph* round thy *Throne*
Can Help supply, but *then* my God alone :
11.
12 Ah haste ! — the *Fiends* of *Hell* beset me round,
Strong *Bulls* of *Babylon* would my Soul confound,
11.
13 As *Lions* fell, they furiously assay,
With gaping Mouths, to make my Life a Prey :
14 Alas ! I'm gone ! — my Soul away is rent !
Like Water spilt, my ebbing Life is spent.
12.
My Bones disjoyn ! — my Strength burns up ! my Heart
15 Dissolves by Woes ! — my Spirits quite depart ! —
Thy weighty Wrath, thy Dread-eternal Frown
Ev'n to the Dust of *Death* hath prest me down !
13.
16 Oh ! save me ! — save ! — see *Dogs* about me close !
I'm thick surrounded by a Host of Foes !
17 They've pierc'd my *Hands* ! — my *Feet* ! now shout to see —
They've nail'd the Great *Sin-Off'ring* to the Tree.
14.
They've Rack'd, and lifted up a *Skeleton*,
And now exulting, stare at what they've done !
18 Amongst themselves my *Garments* they divide,
And cast the *Lot*, my *Vesture* to decide.
15.
19 LORD ! part not from me ! — be not now away ! —
Make haste ! Oh ! haste to help ! my God ! — my Stay !
20 Save ! — save my Soul ! — from thy eternal Wrath !
Keep ! keep thy D A R L I N G ! — from the Force of Death.
16.
From wretched Sinners quickly set me free,
From gaping *Hell-bounds*, LORD ! deliver me !
'Tis DONE, — thou'lt heard me, in the deep *Distress*,
When *Hell*, and Sinners did my Soul oppress.
17.
When I was coop'd in, with the piercing Horns
21 Of cruel and voracious *Unicorns* :
For this I'll tell the *Wonders* of thy Name,
22 And to my *Brethren* all thy *Deeds* proclaim.

13 When

[166] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

18.

In their *Assembly* I'll recite thy *Praise*,
And frame, by mine, their Hearts to grateful Lays:
23 Come ye, that fear the LORD, begin the Song,
Ye sacred *Seed* from holy *Isr'l* sprung.

19.

With humble Awe, his wondrous *Mercies* tell,
And, as his *Goodness*, let your *Praise* excell:
24 Sing, how the *saving-God* hath not disdain'd
The 'ffliction of the 'fflicted who complain'd.

20.

Tell, how his Face he would not always hide,
But heard his Cry, when he, the Mourner cry'd:
25 I, in the grand *Assembly* of the *Saints*,
Will sing his *Praise*, who heard my griev'd Complaints.

21.

My solemn Protestations, there I'll pay,
'Midst those who God adore, and God obey:
26 The Hungry Souls shall now be satisfy'd,
I've born their Grief, and have their Want supply'd.

22.

Those rescue'd Men, who fear *JEHOVAH's Name*,
Now sav'd from *Hell*, his *Love* shall e'er proclaim:
Your Souls no more shall dread eternal Chains
But ever reign, where God eternal reigns.

23.

See! num'rous *Tribes* from distant *Nations* round,
Now hear, and now approve the joyful Sound:—
We're safe, all Power is His— they rage no more,
But at *JEHOVAH's* awful *Throne* adore.

24.

The wond'ring *Earth*, receives its sovereign LORD,
Bends at his *Throne*, — and trembles at his *Word*!
24 The *Lands* yield grateful *Homage* to his *Sway*,
Stoops to his *Laws*, and willingly obey.

25.

Great KING, of *Kings*! where e'er thy *Name* is known,
Earth's Kings shall cast their *Crowns* before thy *Throne*,
And all th' inferior *Classes* of Mankind,
Confess the *sov'reign Rule* to thee assign'd.

26 All

On various Occasions. Book II. [167]

26.

26 All *High* and *low*, now sav'd from *Hell*, shall own,
That *thou* their SAVIOUR art, and *thou* alone;
Yet tho' the Rebel-World will not submit,
To pay their prostrate *Honours* at thy Feet:

27.

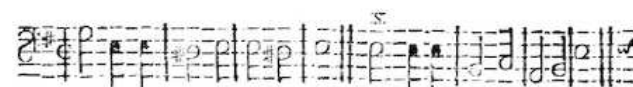
27 A chosen *Seed* shall soon espouse thy Cause,
Hail *thou*! their KING — and own thy sacred *Laws*:
Thou, for a *Generation* God esteems,
The *Worships* which his conquering Son redeems.

28.

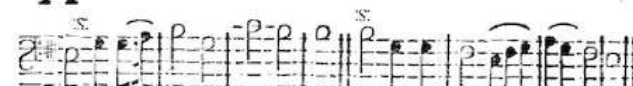
These shall to People yet unborn proclaim
28 The *Works*, and *Merits* of their SAVIOUR'S *Name*:
And whilst thy *Grace*, new *Converts* does engage,
Thy Kingdom shall endure, from *Age*, to *Age*.

A M E N.

VII. *A Morning Song: Or, a CANON of Four in One.* W. T.



A Wake my Soul, and with the Sun, *Christ's* daily Stage of Duty run:



Rise thou, my Soul, and with the same, Rise thou to *Christ's* everlast-ing Fame.

2.

*Glor*y to God, who rules the *Sky*,
*Glor*y to him that sits on high:
*Glor*y be to the sacred *Hos*t,
*Glor*y to Son, and *Holy-Ghost*.

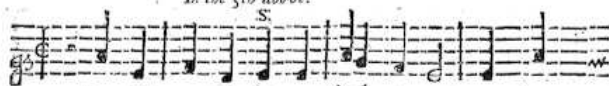
HALLELUJAH.

VIII. *A CA-*

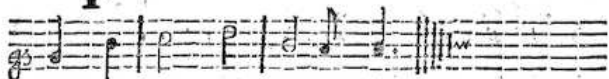
[168] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

VIII. *A CANON of Two in One.* W. T.

In the 5th above.



I will mag-ni-fy my God al-way, my Song

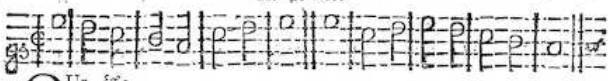


Shall him praise, from Day to Day.

IX. *An HYMN against Sinful Songs: Exhorting to Praise GOD.*

In CANON Retle & Retro. W. T.

A. 2. Voc.



Our Songs on Earth shall praise God's Name,
That we in Heav'n may do the same;
To sinful Songs we'll bid farewell,
From which we learn the Speech of Hell:
God's sacred Image we deface,
Which is to us a foul Disgrace.

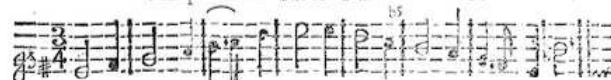
'Tis shameful to each Christian Ear,
We only plant the Devil there:
God made by's Wisdom Soul and Mind,
Himself to Praise to be inclin'd;
Let him be prais'd with Voice and Tongue,
He'll us reward whilst he's our Song.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

X. An

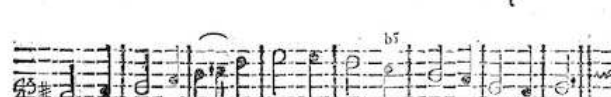
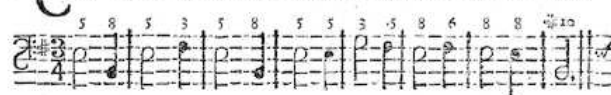
On various Occasions. Book II. [169]

X. *An HYMN: Or, A Resolution to Praise GOD.*

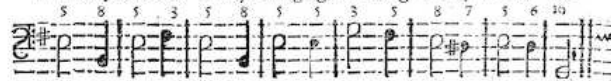
Composed in Three Parts. W. T.



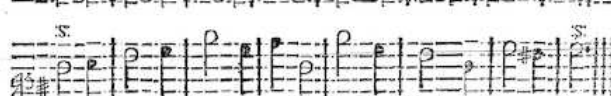
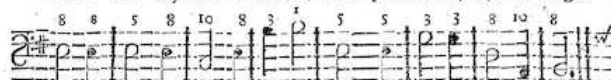
C An I cease, my God, from Singing dai-ly grateful Songs to thee,



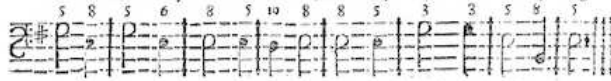
Whilst thy Grace is al-ways bringing, all things rich-ly un-to me?



When I view thy Love so ten-der, which preserves my Life so long:



I am bound my Thanks to ren-der, And thy Works shall be my Song.



Jesus for my sake did suffer,—Death upon the cursed Tree;
Unto him my Praise I'll offer, for his Kindness unto me:
Praise to God, most high be given, and to CHRIST his only Son,
Praise on Earth, as 'tis in Heaven, let your Praises equal run.

Z

XI. JESUS

XI. JESUS, is ALL in ALL.

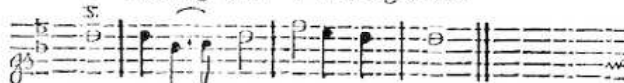
A CANON of Four in One. W. T.



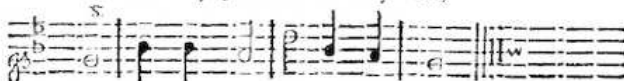
I Nothing am, I Nothing have ;



I Nothing can, I Nothing crave :



But that my JESUS I may see,



And that He may be ALL to me.

2.

By JESUS, ALL supported stand,
The KEYS of ALL are in his Hand :
Upon this JESUS I will call,
My JESUS is to me my A L L.

3.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

XII. An

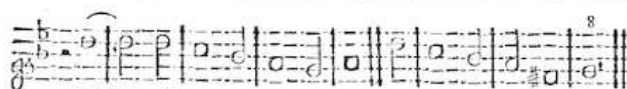
XII. An HYMN : On Devotion, and Solitude.

Composed in Two Parts. W. T.

Tenor & Bass.



B E ALL, &c.



And GOD, &c.



1.

Be ALL devoted unto GOD,
And to the World unknown ;
And GOD himself to thee will give ;
Ye both shall be alone.

2.

Blest Solitude ! blest Company !
To be with GOD alone !
O who would not the World forlake ?
To be with CHRIST made one.

3.

Blest Solitude ! where Two are One
Where ALL are Unity !
Where GOD is ALL and Man is nought !
O full Felicity !

4.

Thou Heaven art to me on Earth,
GOD's Kingdom here below ;
Thou art my fruitful Paradise,
In which the Graces grow.

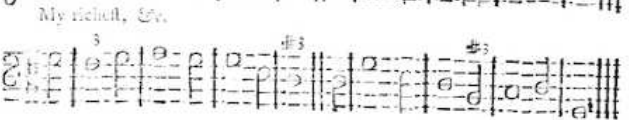
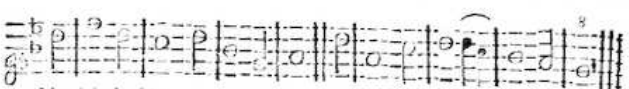
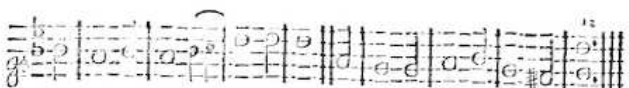
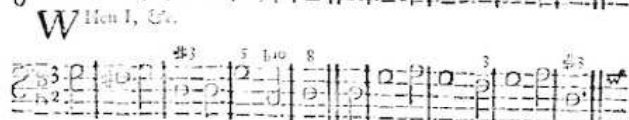
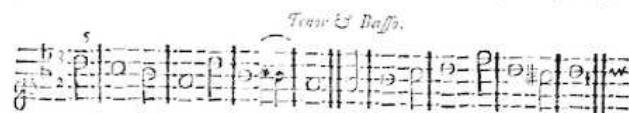
To Father, Son, &c.

Z 2

XIII. ALL

XIII. ALL for CHRIST'S CROSS.

Composed in Three Parts. W.T.



1.
When I survey that wondrous Cross,
Where on the PRINCE of Glory dy'd:
My richest Gain I count but Dross,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

2. For-

2.

Forbid it LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of CHRIST, my God:
For all vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

3.

See! from His Head, His Hands, and Feet,
Sorrow and Love, flow mingled down:
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thornus compose so rich a CROWN.

4.

His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er His BODY on the Tree:
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

5.

Was the whole Frame of Nature mine,
'Twould be a Present far too small:
Love so amazing, so Divine!
Demands my SOUL, my LIFE, and ALL.

XIV. CHRIST'S Holy Invitation.

To the foregoing Tune.

1.

THAT dismal Night, when our dear LORD,
Into the Garden did retreat:
To vent his Grief, in Groans and Cries,
In Tears, and in a bloody Sweat.

2. That

2.
That ne'er to be forgotten Night,
When our Redeemer was betray'd ;
Before his Suff'rings, Bread he took,
Gave Thanks to God, brake it, and said :

3.
Take, Eat, *this is my Body brake,*
For you upon the curst Tree :
Perform this Ord'nance, as I do,
And when ye do't, remember Me.

4.
He took the Cup, being fill'd with Wine,
Bles'd it, and to's Disciples said ;
'Tis the New Test'ment in my Blood,
For you, and many others shed.

5.
All you, my Friends, must drink of it,
Your Sins Remission here you see :
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't remember Me.

6.
O LORD, we will remember thee,
And thy Love, more than fragrant Wine :
How can we e'er thy Cross forget ?
Which made Thee ours, and us made thine.

7.
Our Right-hands first shall lose their Art,
Our Tongues forget to speak, or move :
Before we will forget thy Wounds,
Or everlasting Marks of Love.

8.
We'll thus commemorate thy Death,
'Till thou appear'st on Earth again :
Then Glorious LORD, remember us,
Make haste, to take thy Pow'r, and reign.

AMEN.

XV. The

XV. *The Divine Resolution.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



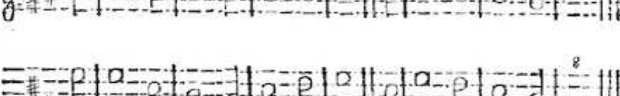
Nothing, &c.



My Jesus, &c.



My Jesus, &c.



My Jesus, &c.



1.
Nothing but JESUS will I love,
I nothing else desire
My JESUS is my All in All,
He sets my Heart on Fire.

2.

In JESUS I will always trust,
And cleave to him *alone* :
For *Him* I'll leave all Things below,
And have no God but *one*.

3.

My JESUS will not me forsake,
No *Idols* I'll set up :
My Heart it shall be *ALL* to him,
From *him* I'll take the CUP.

4.

The CUP which *he* doth give to me,
Of *him* I'll freely take :
And be well pleased with the same,
His *Will*, my *Will* I'll make.

5.

My JESUS shall my *Leader* be,
'Till this my *Frame* dissolve :
Thro' *Life*, thro' *Death*, and thro' *all Things*,
HIM follow I *resolve*.

DOXOLOGY.

All *Glory* to the sacred THREE,
One Ever-living LORD :
As at the *first*, still may HE be
Beloved, and *Ador'd*.

AMEN.

XVI. *An*

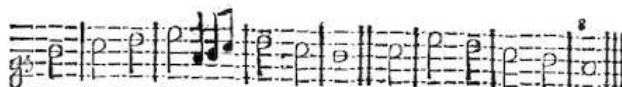
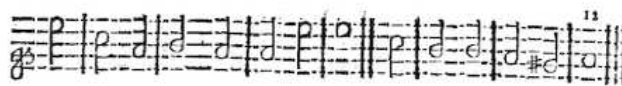
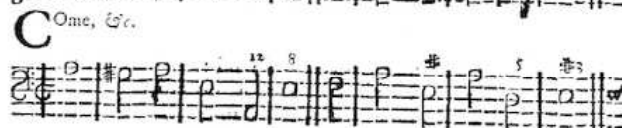
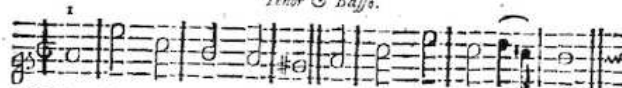
XVI. *An* HYMN, To the HOLY GHOST :
Proper for Whitfunday

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

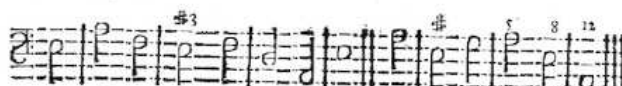
Medius.



Tenor & Bass.



Come thou, &c.



1.

Come, mild and *holy* DOVE,
Descend upon our Breast :
Come *thou* in us ; make us in *thee*
For evermore to rest.

A a

2. *Come*

2.

Come, and spread ov'r our Souls
Thy All-comforting *Wing* :
That in its Shadow we may sit,
And *Praises* to thee SING.

3.

When we are sliding back,
Thou dost our Danger stop :
And when we into Sin do fall,
Again *thou* tak'st us up.

4.

If by the Way we faint,
Thou puttest forth thy Hand :
When e'er with Weakness we do fall,
Again thou mak'st us stand.

5.

If not, we there must lie,
And still sink lower down :
Our HOPE's in thee, 'tis thee that brings
Us to the heavenly CROWN.

DOXOLOGY.

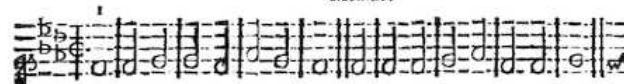
GLORY to thee, O LORD,
One æternal Three :
To Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost,
One equal GLORY be,

XVII. *An*

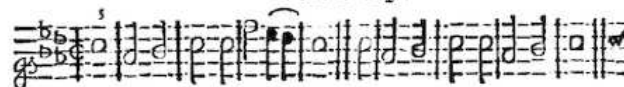
XVII. CHRIST'S DYING LOVE.

On Good-Friday. Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

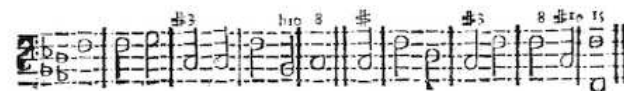
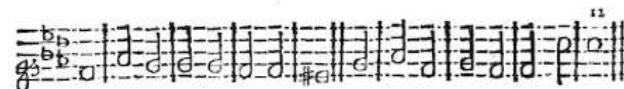
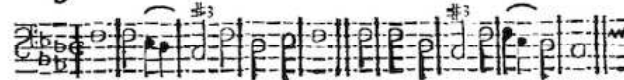
Medius.



Tenor & Bass.



J Oyn, &c.



I.

Joyn *Spirits*, to adore the LAMB,
Oh! that our feeble *Lips* could move ;
In *Strains* immortal as His Name,
And melting as His *Dying Love*.

A a 2

2. Was

[180] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

2.

Was ever equal *Pity* found ?
The PRINCE of *Heav'n* resigns His *Breath* :
And pours His *Life* upon the *Ground*,
To ransom *guilty Souls* from *Death*.

3.

As we have broke our *MAKER's* *Lacoe*,
CHRIST from *GOD's* *Threatning* set us free :
And bore the *Vengeance* on the *Cross*,
And nail'd the *Courfes* to the *Tree*.

4.

GOD's *Law* proclaims no *Terror* now,
And *Sin's* *Thunders* roar no more :
From *CHRIST's* dear *Wounds* now *BLESSINGS* flow,
A *Sea of Joy* ! without a *Shore*.

5.

Here we are wash'd, from deepest *Stains*,
Our *Wounds* are heal'd with *beav'nly* *BLOOD* :
Blest *Fountains* ! springing from the *Veins*,
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate *GOD*.

6.

In vain alas ! in vain we strive,
To speak *Compassion* to *DIVINE* :
Had we *Ten-thousand* *Lives* to give,
They're *All* too little to be *THINE*.

To *Father, Son, &c.*

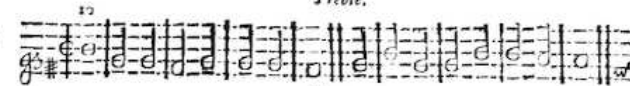
XVIII. *An*

On various Occasions. Book II. [181]

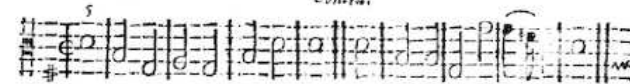
XVIII. *The Transformation.*

Composed in *Four Parts.* W. T.

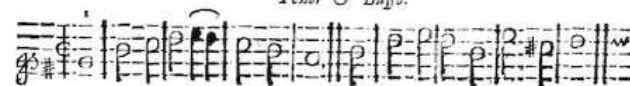
Treble.



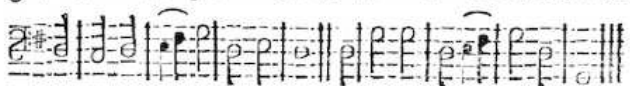
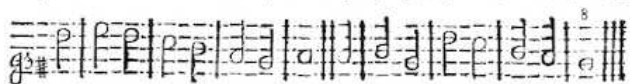
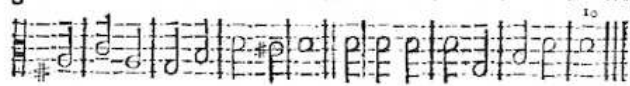
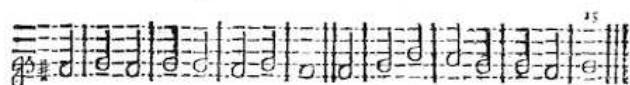
Contra.



Tenor & Bass.



Change, &c.



Change me it ev'ry Part, O *Dove* !
Thou *Breaking* of eternal *Love* !
With living *Streams* me overflow,
That I a *beav'nly* *Plant* may grow.

O visit

2.
O visit this Dark-house of Clay,
Bright Source! and turn my Night to Day:
O pierce this Lump with *Beams* DIVINE,
And make it as the *Sun* to shine.

3.
The *World's* a *Toy*, or like a *Dream*,
All *Troth*, and *Bubble*, *Smoak*, and *Steam*:
Not *see*, nor *her* bewitching *Art*,
Can fill one *Corner* of my *Heart*,

4.
Come LORD, and therein take thy Seat,
Who only can't my *Joys* compleat:
Give me those *Joys* which ever last,
Not such as perish, fade and blast.

5.
From earthly *Things*, I take my *Flight*,
Into the Region of *blest* LIGHT:
For *THEE*, I slight all *Worldly* *Joys*,
And count them all but fading *Toys*.

6.
No *Dress*, shall e'er my *Soul* betray,
Nor glitt'ring *Toys*, which are but *Clay*:
Such *Things* I'll weigh within *thy* Sight,
Which are but *Trifles* of *Delight*.

7.
Such worldly *Toys* to me are *Pain*,
The *Trouble's* great, such *Things* to gain:
Be *THOU* my *Aid*, *thy* PRAISE I'll Sing,
And I am *Greater* than a *King*.

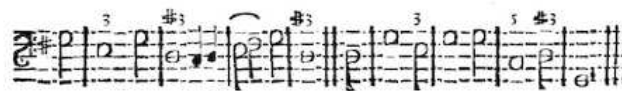
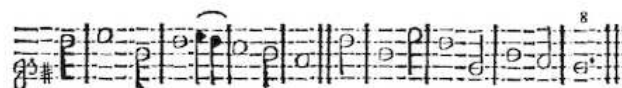
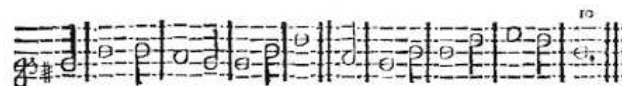
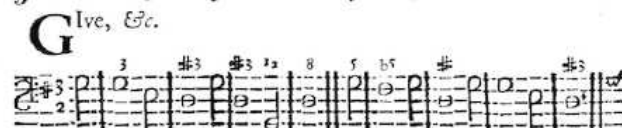
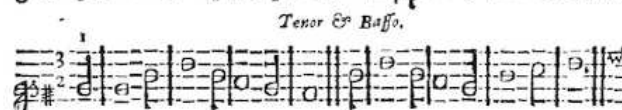
8.
Was I possess'd of *all* I see,
Nothing could save my *SOUL*, but *THEE*:
As the *Soul* aids the *Body* here,
So to my *Soul* *thou* dost appear.

9.
Thy *Beams* of *Love* upon me dart,
And stamp thy *Love* upon my *Heart*:
Let all my *Thoughts* and *Deeds* be *THINE*,
Thy *Will*, my *Will*, and *Thine* be mine.

XIX. *The*

XIX. *The Divine Request.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.



I.

Give me thy *Love*, I ask no more,
Thy *Love* is that which I adore:
Inflame me with thy heav'nly *Fire*,
The *Source* of chaste *Divine* Desire

2 Thy

2.

Thy Love is that celestial *Wine*,
That warms and makes the Soul *divine*;
And makes the hard contracted mind
Soft as the *Air*, swift as the *Wind*.

3.

Oh! thou bright *Flame*! thou radiant *Light*!
Strong, and resistless is thy *might*:
Sweet is thy *Influence*, and *Pow'r*,
As the cool *Dew*, or quick'ning *Show'r*.

4.

Each View, or Glimpse, of thy bright *Throne*,
Renders my *Soul* no more its own:
How sweetly is my *Drop* devour'd,
When into thy wide *Ocean* pour'd!

5.

Ô pleasing *Death*! thus to expire!
'Tis not to fall, but to rise higher:
From a small *Atom*, to be *ALL*,
Pure, bright, sublime, *Angelical*.

DOXOLOGY.

All Glory, to the sacred Three,
In Everlasting Unity:
Be now, as 'twas, when *Date* began,
Be Praise, 'till Time his *Course* has run.

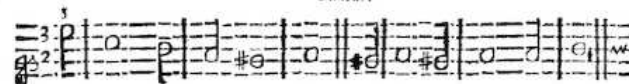
XX. An

XX. An HYMN: On CHRIST's Nativity.

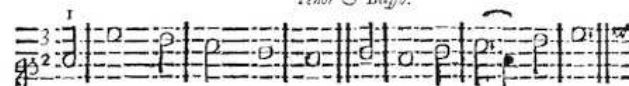
Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

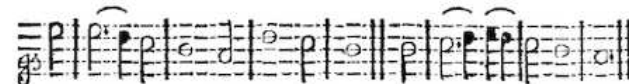
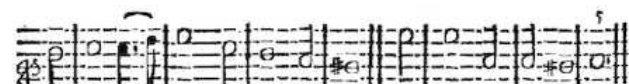
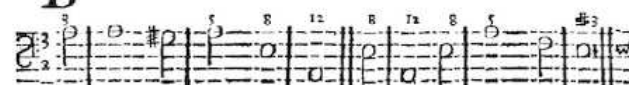
Cantus.



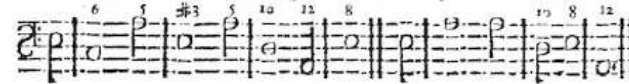
Tenor & Bass.



Behold! the *Grace* appears; The Promise is ful-fill'd:



Ma-ry, the wondrous *Virgin* bears, And JE-SUS is the Child.



2.

The LORD, the *Highest* God,
Calls him his Only Son:
He bids him rule the *Land* abroad,
And gives HIM *David's* Town.

B b

3. O'er

3.
O'er Jacob HE shall reign,
With a peculiar Sway :
The Nations shall HIS Grace obtain,
Which never shall decay.

4.
To bring the glorious News,
A Heavenly Form appears :
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.

5.
Go, Humble Swains, (said he,)
To David's City fly :
The promis'd BABE that's born this Day,
Doth in a Manger lie.

6.
With Looks, and Hearts serene,
Go visit CHRIST your KING ;
And straight a Shining Throng were seen,
The Shepherds heard them sing :

7.
GLORY to GOD on High,
And Heavenly PEACE on Earth :
Good-will to Men, to ANGELS Joy,
At the REDEEMER's Birth.

8.
In Worship so Divine,
Let SAINTS employ their Tongues :
With the celestial Host we'll joyn,
And loud repeat their SONGS.

9.
GLORY to GOD on High,
And Heavenly PEACE on Earth :
Good-will to Men, to ANGELS Joy,
At our REDEEMER's Birth.

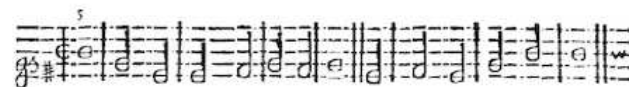
DOXOLOGY.

Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah :
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le, Hal-le-lu-jah.

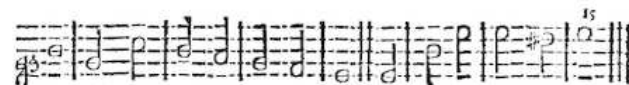
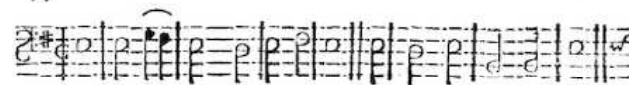
XXI *Against*

XXI. *Against* Temptation.

Composed in Three Parts. W. T.



When thou by Fiends art hard be-set, Take Coun-sel of the Wife :



Do all things with the best Ad-vice, That nothing thee sur-prise.



2.

With thine own heart do not consult,
Lest it should thee deceive :
If thine own Counsellor thou art,
Thou Filly shalt conceive.

B b 2

3. When

3.

When thou therefore shalt *tempted* be,
For *Grace* and *Wisdom* pray :
And *Grace* and *Wisdom* shall thee meet,
And lead thee on the Way.

4.

If many *Devils* thee surround,
Thou need'st not any fear :
Since that thy *Pray'rs* are surely heard,
And *God*, to thee is near.

5.

Let but *God's Wisdom* thee conduct,
And with his *Grace* comply :
And all the *Devils* thee shalt fear,
And straightway from thee fly.

6.

Thus, thou a *Conqueror* shalt be,
And mighty *Foes* shalt quell :
Thus *CHRIST*, in thee, shall ever live,
Victorious over *Hell*.

7.

To *CHRIST* therefore all *Glory* give,
For *HE* the *Victor* is :
And see thou always to *HIM* live,
And be thou only *HIS*.

DOXOLOGY.

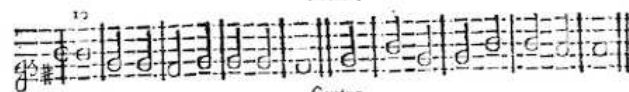
Honour to Thee, *Almighty* Three,
And everlasting *One* :
All *Glory* to the *Father* be,
The *Spirit*, and the *Son*.

XXII. *The*

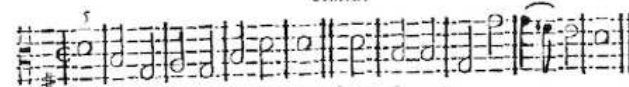
XXII. *The True Christian Armour.*

Composed in *Four Parts*. W. T.

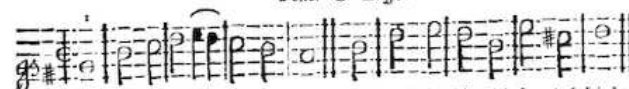
Treble.



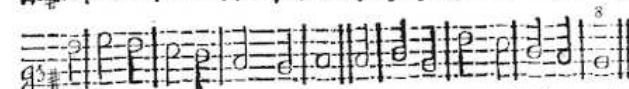
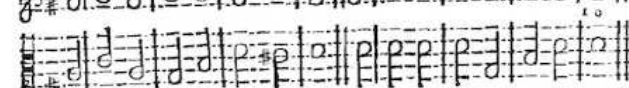
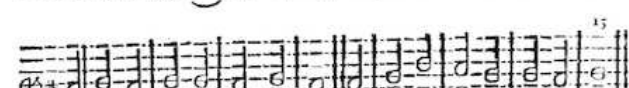
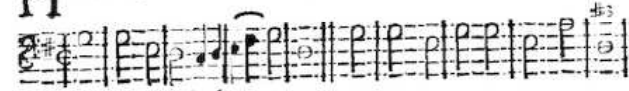
Contra.



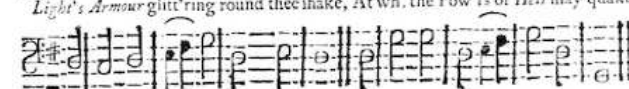
Tenor & Bass.



Haste, and put on thy *Armour* bright, And *shield* thy self with *heav'nly* Light:



Light's Armour glitt'ring round thee shake, At wh. the *Pow'rs* of *Hell* may quake.



2.

The *SPIRITS* *Sword*, bind on thy *Thigh*,
Fast girded with *God's Name* most high :
God's Name thy *Word* and *SHIELD* shall be,
From which the *Frighted Demons* flee.

3. *God's*

3.

God's *Name*, and *Word*, shall be thy *Sword*,
They *Victory* shall still afford :
Fresh Palms shall always thee attend,
And *Graces* from above descend.

4.

To nothing do thou therefore yield,
But still hold fast thy aiding *Shield* :
Since conquest is to thee so nigh,
Do thou the Pow'rs of *Hell* defy.

5.

If thou hast fortify'd thy *Heart*,
And hast but *Love's* Almighty *Dart* ;
With *God* and *Man* thou shalt prevail,
To *Triumph* thou shalt never fail.

6.

Do not thy self with *Fears* acquaint,
Nor do not in the *Battle* faint :
By no means from thy *Colours* fly,
Since *Jesus* is to thee so nigh.

7.

Thy *Heav'nly Arms* then strive to wield,
And still with *Care* maintain the *Field* :
SALVATION'S *Buckler* to thee take,
And *RIGHTEOUSNESS* thy *Breast-plate* make.

8.

If *Men*, or *Devils* thee assail,
Let *JUSTICE* be thy *Coat of Mail* ;
And let also thy *Loyns* brave *Youth* !
Be ever girt about with *TRUTH*.

9. Then

9.

Then shalt thou hold the glorious *Fight*,
Since thou canst say, *GOD IS MY RIGHT* :
Thou know'st thy *Foe* is not asleep,
Thy *Military Vow* sure keep.

10.

By no means do not wander out,
Nor from thy *Armour* gad about :
But learn with *CHRIST* alone to *stay*,
And learn with *HIM* alone to *pray*.

11.

Learn thou to *work* with *HIM*, thy *LORD*,
Learn fully to *obey* his *WORD* :
And learn from all things to retire,
That *HIS* sweet *Grace* may thee inspire.

12.

Make haste, and throw not *Time* away,
Let nothing slip, *work while 'tis Day* :
And thou shalt *Armies* put to flight,
For *Darkness* can't withstand the *Light*, &c.

XXIII. *An HYMN: For either Morning or Evening.*

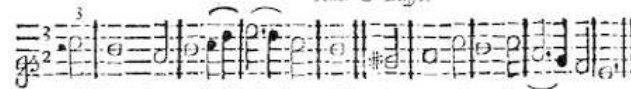
Composed in *Three Parts*. W. T.

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xiv. 7.

Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



MY *God*, how endless is thy *Love* ! Thy *Gifts* are ev'ry *Evening* new :



Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



And Morning Mercies from a-hove, Gent-ly dis-til like ear-ly Dew.



2.

Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours!
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light,
And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.

3.

I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,
To thee I consecrate my Days:
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand,
Demands perpetual Songs of PRAISE.

4.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah:
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

XXIV. A CA-

XXIV. A C A N O N, of Four in One. W. T.



O Praise the Lord with sacred Hymns: On us his Goodness largely flows:



Ex-ult his Name, for earthly Things Up-on us dai-ly he bestows.

2.

That we may lead our Lives so pure
As to enjoy the heav'nly Grace:
And after Death we may be sure
With GOD to have a resting Place.

3.

Be Glory, Praise, and Worship done,
To God the Father, and the Son:
And to the Holy Ghost, on high,
From Age to Age, Eternally.

4.

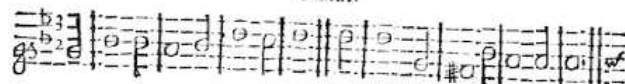
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah:
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

C c XXV. A

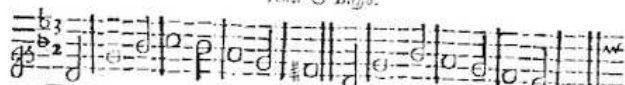
XXV. *An Evening Hymn.*

St. Timothy's Tune. Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

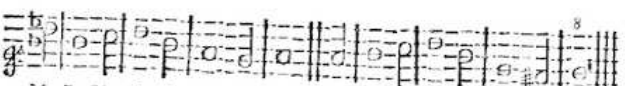
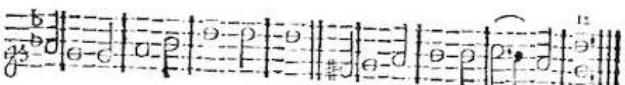
Cantus.



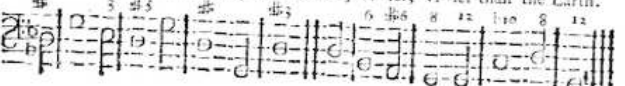
Tenor & Bass.



O Lord, behold a wretched one, That flings himself before thy Throne:



My Practices sinful, and by birth, Yea, vi-ler, vi-ler than the Earth.



2.

O Let thy Christ my Sav'our be,
To save from Sin, and Misery.
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Entreating Pardon for this Day.

3. Encir-

3.
Encircle me within thine Arms,
My Body to defend from harms:
Preserve my wand'ring Soul from Sin,
Both going out, and coming in.

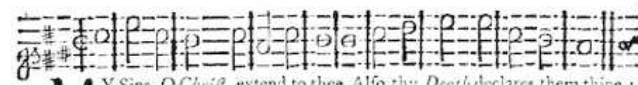
4.
Keep far from me a careless Heart,
From which my Sav'our would depart:
O Bless and prosper all my Ways
That they may issue in thy Praise.

DOXOLOGY.

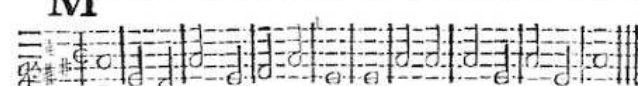
Be Glory, Praise, and Honour done,
To God the Father, and the Son,
And to the Holy Ghost on high,
From Age to Age Eternally.

XXVI. *CHRIST'S Power, and Love to Man.*

In CANON Reble & ReTro. W. T.



M Y Sins, O Christ, extend to thee, Also thy Death declares them thine;



Thy Righteousness extends to me, Its precious Be-ne-fits are mine.

Thy Death hath set me free from Hell,
And makes my criminal Sins forgiv'n;
Thy Righteousness makes me to dwell
Eternally with thee in Heav'n:

Let me O Christ, belong to thee
Since thou gav'st Life, and A.T.T. for me.

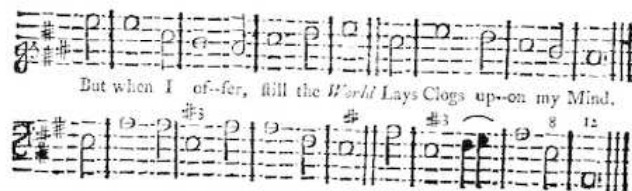
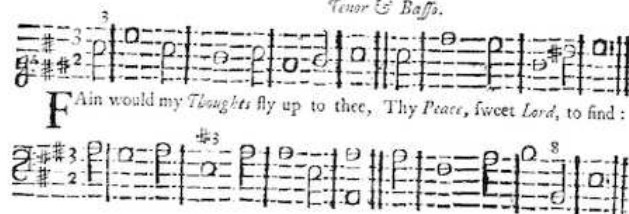
C c 2

XXVII. The

XXVII. *The Longing Soul's Desire.*

Composed in *Two Parts.* W. T.

Tenor & Bass.



2.
Sometimes, I climb a little way,
And thence, look down below :
How nothing there, do all things seem,
Which here make such a show.

3.
Then Round about, I turn my Eyes,
To feast my hungry sight :
I meet with *Heav'n*, in ev'ry thing,
In ev'ry thing delight.

4.
Guide thou my way, who only art,
My everlasting End :
That ev'ry step, (if swift or slow,)
May to thy *Honour* tend.
To Father, Son, &c.

XXVIII. *Op.*

XXVIII. *An H Y M N, on the Vanity of the World.*

To the foregoing TUNE.

1.

IN vain, for *Wealth*, we strive each Day,
Which *Thieves*, and *Losses*, snatch away :
For *Honour*, we distract the Mind
Which is as wav'ring as the Wind.

2.

For *Pleasure*, we do break our *Rest*,
Which turns the *Man*, to be a *Beast* :
In vain, for *Health*, when *Sick*, we strive,
Unless we better did survive.

3.

In vain, for *Learning*, we bestow
Our *Parts*, neglecting what we know :
For a *long Life*, we strive in vain,
Age is a Burden, full of Pain.

4.

Our *Life*, is but one single Breath,
What we Expect, we lose in *Death* :
So let us *Live*, that when we *Die*,
We may have *BLISS Eternally*.—

AMEN.

XXIX. *A Morn-*

XXIX. *A Morning H Y M N.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

Cantus.

Tenor & Bass.

GOD, who hath now unseal'd mine Eyes, Shall have my choicest Sacrifice :

My highest *Thanks* I humbly pay, For Mercies running *Night and Day.*

O Grant thy *Pardon*, I implore,
And *Grace*, that I offend no more :
O Let thy Goodness never cease,
Renew thy *Covenant of Peace.*

3. *Ad*

3.

As thou Renewest still my Days,
With *New* Endearments crown my ways ;
Father, with me this *DAY* abide,
Be *thou* my Leader and my Guide.

4.

That I may plainly see and know
The very Path where I should go :
And may at Night rejoicing say,
My God was kind to me this *DAY.*

5.

Those *GRACES* which I want, supply,
And Guard me with thy tended Eye :
Whilst I'm on *Earth*, be thou my Guard, *
And at the *Life*, my great *REWARD.*

XXX. *A Funeral H Y M N.*

Composed in *Two Musical Parts.* W. T.

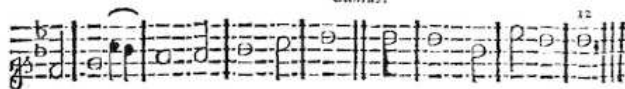
Cantus.

Tenor & Bass.

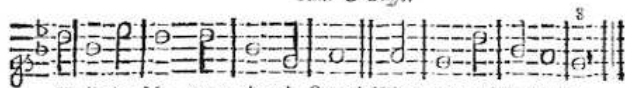
Hark ! from the *Tomb's* a doleful sound ! My Ears attend the Cry :

Y₂

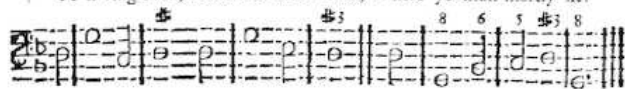
Cantus.



Tenor & Bass.



Ye li-ving Men, come view the *Ground*, Where ye must shortly lie.



2.

Princes, this *CLAY* must be your *Bed*,
In spite of all your *Pow'rs*;
The *Tall*, the *Wise*, and *Reverend* Head,
Must lie as low as ours.

3.

Great God ! is this our certain Doom?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downwards to our *Tomb*,
And yet prepare no more ?

4.

Grant us the *Pow'rs* of Quick'ning *Grace*,
To fit our Souls to fly:
(When e'er we drop this dying *Flesh*,)
To *THEE* above the *Sky*.

DOXOLOGY.

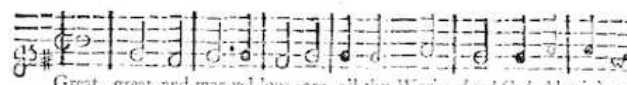
To *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,
One undivided *Three* :
All Highest *Praise*, all humblest *Thanks*,
Now, and for ever be.

XXXI. *The*

XXXI. *The SONG of the Lamb.* Rev. xix.

Composed in *Four Musical Parts.* W. T.

Treble, & Alto.



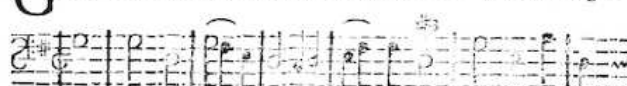
Great, great and mar-vel-lous, are all thy Works, *Lord God* Al-migh-



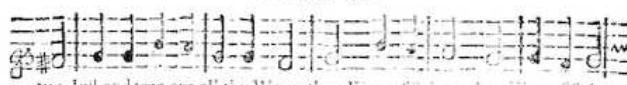
Tenor & Bass.



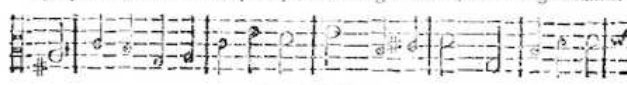
Great, great and mar-vel-lous, are all thy Works, *Lord God* Al-migh-



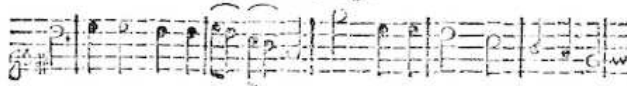
Treble, & Alto.



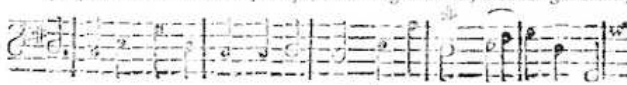
ty : Just and true are all thy Ways, thou King of Saints, thou King of Saints.



Tenor & Bass.



ty : Just and true are all thy Ways, thou King of Saints, thou King of Saints.



D d

Hal-

Continued.

Treble, & Alto.

Hal-le-lu-jah, ill: ill: ill: ill:

Tenor & Bass.

Hal-le-lu-jah, ill: ill: ill: ill:

CHORUS. Treble, & Alto.

Who shall not fear thee, who shall not fear thee, O Lord?

Tenor & Bass.

Who shall not fear thee, who shall not fear thee, O Lord?

And

Continued.

Treble, & Alto.

And glo-ri-fy thy, glo-ri-fy thy Name, and glo-ri-fy thy Name,

Tenor & Bass.

And glo-ri-fy thy Name, and glo-ri-fy thy Name,

Treble, & Alto.

and glo-ry, glo-ri-fy thy ho-ly Name.

Tenor & Bass.

And glo-ri-fy thy ho-ly Name.

D d a

Praise

[204] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons:*

Continued. \

Treble, & Alto.



Tenor & Bass.



Treble, & Alto.



Tenor & Bass.



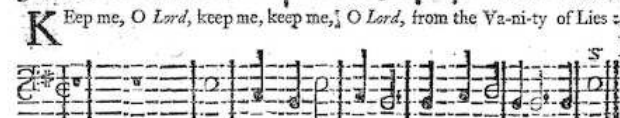
XXXII. The

On various Occasions: Book II. [205]

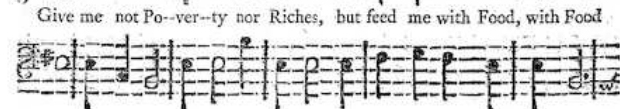
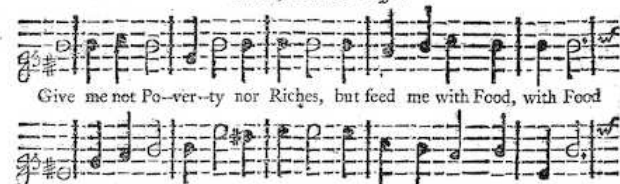
XXXII. The PRAYER of Agur. Prov. xxx. 7.

Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

Cantus, Tenor & Bass.



Cantus, Tenor & Bass.



Cantus, Tenor & Bass.



XXXIII. *An H Y M N for Christmash-Day.*

Composed in *Four Parts.* W. T.

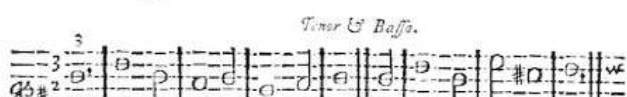
Treble.



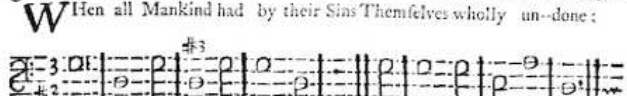
Alto.

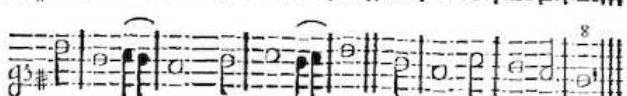


Tenor & Bass.



When all Mankind had by their Sins Themselves wholly un-done :



God did in great Com-pas-sion send, His Will-be-lo-v'd Son.



To

To take our ^{2.} *Nature*, and become
A Sacrifice for Sin:
Who made the Path to *Heav'n* plain,
That we may enter in.

Joyn Earthly ^{3.} *Quires*, to celebrate
The BIRTH of CHRIST, our King:
Glad Homage pay, to HIM, who doth
Our Great Salvation Bring.

Let HALLELUJAHs sound His Praise,
Employ your greatest skill:
From *Heav'n* be Peace, to Men on Earth,
And unto ALL, Good-will.

XXXIV. *An H Y M N for Easter-Day.*

Composed in *Four Parts.* W. T.

Treble.



Alto.



Tenor & Bass.

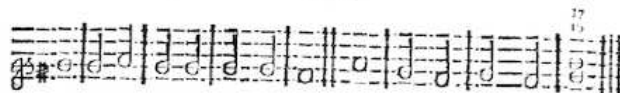


A Wake my Soul, rise from this Bed, Of dull, and sluggish Earth:

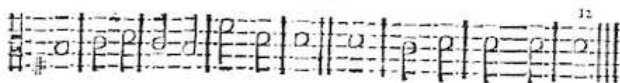


Arise

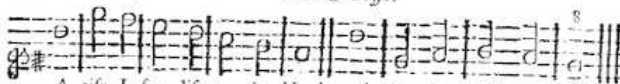
Treble.



Alto.



Tenor & Bass.



A-ri-se I say, lift up thy Head, and view the *Lora's* new Birth.



2.

See *JESUS* Rises, fresh and bright,
Encircled round with *Stars* :
Which all from him receive their Light,
And from *HIS* Glorious *Scars*.

3.

The *ANGELS* know again their *KING*,
They soon *HIS* Call obey :
All ye Glad *QUIRES*, come forth, and Sing,
And Crown this Joyful Day.

4.

Come thou, my *Soul*, let us rejoyce,
Our joyful *Concert* Bring :
Up unto Heav'n let's lift our *Voice*,
And with the *ANGELS* Sing.

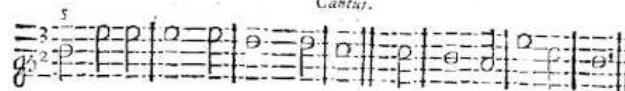
To Father, Son, &c.

XXXV. *An*

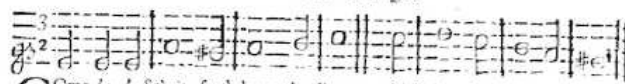
XXXV. *An H Y M N, for Whitsunday.*

Composed in *Three Parts.* W. T.

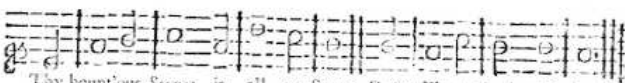
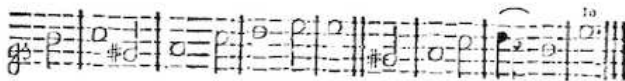
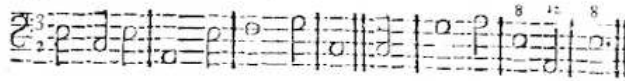
Cantus.



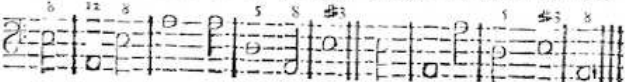
Tenor & Bass.



Come ho-ly *Sp'rit*, send down thy Beams, which flow from thee a-bove :



Thy bound'ous *Source* is all our Store, Come fill our *Souls* with *Love*.



2.

Wash *Lord*, our sinful Stains away,
Our mortal Bruises heal :
Warm with thy *GRACE* our Hearts of Snow,
Our wand'ring Feet repeal.

E c

3. Wash

3.

The *saving Gifts* of thy good SP'IT,
Do *thou* to us impart :
That we may feel the *Joys* of Heav'n,
And walk with perfect heart.

4.

To *Father, Son, and HOLY GHOST,*
One undivided THREE :
All highest *Praise,* and humblest *Thanks,*
Now and for ever be.

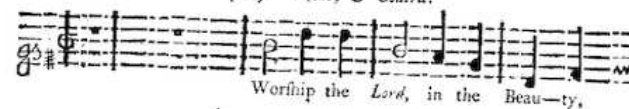


An

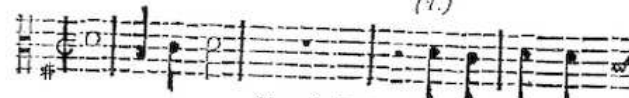
XXXVI. An ANTHEM, Psalm xcvi.

Composed in *Four Parts.* W. T.

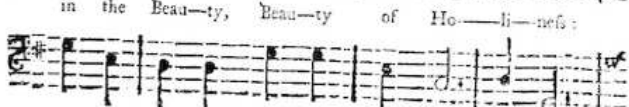
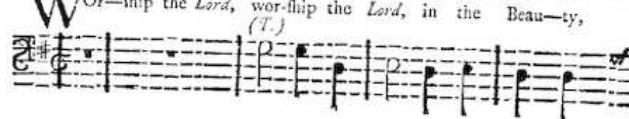
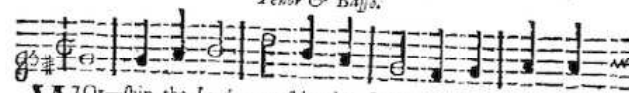
(T.) *Treble, & Contra.*



(T.)



Tenor & Bass.



E e x

in

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of his Ho—li—ness.

Tenor & Bass.

in the Beau—ty, Beau—ty of his Ho—li—ness.

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing un—to the Lord,

(Tenor.)

Sing, sing, sing, sing, sing un—to the Lord,

Bring

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

Bring Pre—sents, And come in—to his Courts:

Piano.

Tenor & Bass.

Bring Pre—sents, And come in—to his Courts:

Be tell—ing of his Sal—va—tion from day to day.

Be tell—ing of his Sal—va—tion from day to day.

Let

[214] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

(T.)

Let the Heav'ns re-joice, let the Heav'ns re-joice:

Tenor & Basso.

(T.)

Let the Heav'ns re-joice, let the Heav'ns re-joice:

And let the Ear—th be glad:

And let the Ear—th be glad:

Let

On various Occasions. Book II. [215]

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

(T.)

Let the Sea make a noise, Let the Sea make a

Tenor & Basso.

(T.)

Let the Sea make a noise, Let the Sea make a

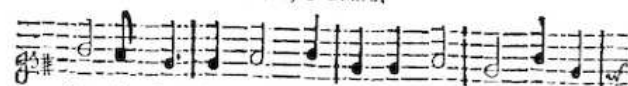
Noi—se, And all that therein is.

Noi—se, And all that therein is.

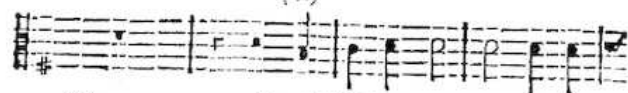
For

Continued.

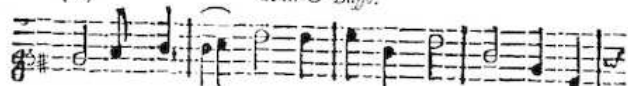
Treble & Contra.



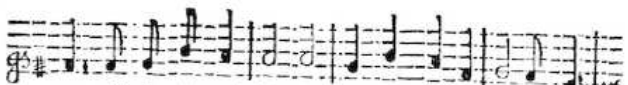
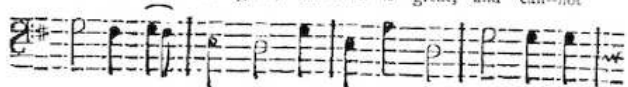
For the Lord is great, the Lord is great, and can-not
(T.)



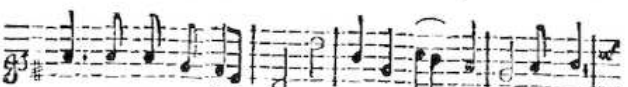
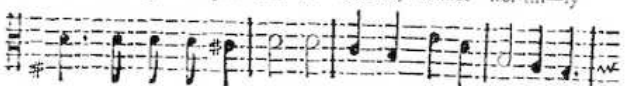
(T.) *Tenor & Bass.*



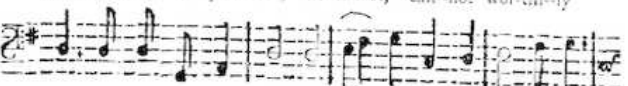
For the Lord is great, the Lord is great, and can-not



wor—thi—ly he prai—sed, he can-not, cannot wor—thi—ly



wor—thi—ly be prai—sed, he cannot, can-not wor—thi—ly



be

Continued.

Treble & Contra.

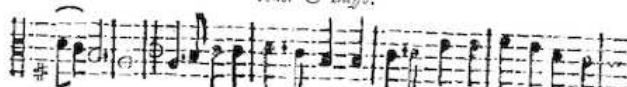


be praised.

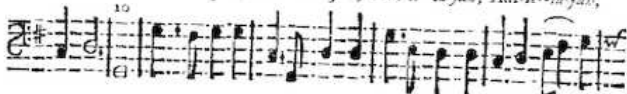
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,
(T.)



Tenor & Bass.



be praised. *Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,*



(T.)



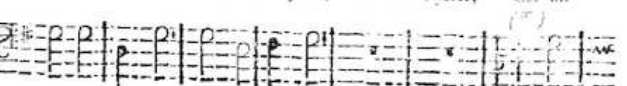
Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all



(T.)



Let all re-joice, Let all rejoice, Let all rejoice, Let all



F f

re.

[218] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

re-joice be-fore the Lord. Worship the Lord, Worship the Lord,

Tenor & Bass.

CHORUS.

rejoice be-fore the Lord. Worship the Lord, worship the Lord

in the Beauty, Beauty of Ho-li-ness: Hal-le-lu-jah,

in the Beauty, Beauty of Ho-li-ness: Hal-le-lu-jah,

On various Occasions. Book II. [219]

Continued.

Treble, & Contra.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

Tenor & Bass.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah.

XXXVI. *An ANTHEM, taken out of the 39th Psalm.*

Composed in Three Parts. W. T.

(Lamentatione.)

Cantus, Tenor & Bass.

Hear my Prayer, O Lord, Hear my Pray'r, O Lord, and with thine Ear

Hear my Prayer, O Lord, hear my Pray'r, O Lord, and with thine Ear

Cons.

[220] *Divine Hymns, Anthems, and Canons :*

Continued.

Con-si-der my Calling: Hold not thy Peace at my Tears.

For I am a Stranger, For I am a Stranger with thee,

And a Sojourner, as all my Fa-thers were.

O spare

On various Occasions. Book II. [221]

CHORUS. *Canto, Treble & Bass. Continued.*

O spare me a lit-tle, O, a lit-tle, lit-tle, that I may re-

co-ver my Strength, that I may re-co-ver my Strength, be-fore

I go hence, and be no mo-re seen.

N. B. That part of the Tenor of this Anthem was set by an Author unknown.

An Alphabetical TABLE of the first BOOK,
shewing the Names of the several TUNES,
what Chapters they are adapted unto, and on
what Page you may find any of them.

CHAP.	TUNES Names.	Page.
1.	ST. Asaph's Tune. — — — —	1.
10. 22.	St. Asaph's Tune — — — —	27. 82.
8. 25.	St. Bernard's Tune — — — —	22. 95.
15. 19.	St. Clement's Tune — — — —	50. 68.
12. 20.	St. David's Tune — — — —	36. 99.
4. 27.	St. Edmond's Tune — — — —	10. 103.
13.	St. Faith's Tune — — — —	41.
16. 21.	St. George's Tune — — — —	55. 77.
28.	St. Helen's Tune — — — —	107.
7. 29.	St. James's Tune — — — —	19. 112.
14. 18.	St. Katherine's Tune — — — —	45. 64.
9. 31.	St. Luke's Tune — — — —	25. 120.
6.	St. Mark's Tune — — — —	15.
13. 30.	St. Nicholas's Tune — — — —	86. 116.
5.	St. Olave's Tune — — — —	13.
2.	St. Peter's Tune — — — —	5.
3.	St. Phillip's Tune — — — —	7.
4.	St. Paul's Tune — — — —	90.
11.	St. Savoy's Tune — — — —	31.
17. 20.	St. Within's Tune — — — —	60. 72.
	The Index to the Proverbs — — — —	124.
	The End of the first Book — — — —	125.

A T A-

A TABLE of the Second BOOK, shewing how
to find any Chapter in Solomon's SONG, HYMN,
ANTHEM, or CANON; By its Number, Be-
ginning, and Page.

CHAP.	Chapters Beginnings.	Page.
1.	Let him me kiss with Kisses sweet —	131
2.	I am the Rose of Sharon, and —	134
3.	By Night, upon my Bed, I fought —	137
4.	Behold thou'rt fair, my love, thou hast —	140
5.	I'm come, my Sister, and my Spouse! —	143
6.	O where is my Beloved gone? —	146
7.	How comely are thy Feet, with Shoes! —	148
8.	O that thou as my Brother wast! —	150
	The Index. —	154

ERRATA.

BOOK I. p. 5. the 15th Note of the Tune should be in the upper Space. p. 6. v. 7. for her, read their. p. 8. v. 8. for Ways, read Paths. p. 20. v. 6. for lewd, read loud. p. 22. v. 1. for you, read ye. p. 36. the 15th Note of the Tune should be in the Space next above the middle Line; and the 14th on the 2d Line from the Top. p. 44. for fulfilled, read full-
filled. p. 50. for 54, finger play 53. p. 64. v. 27. for Spien, read Spie's mat; the 25th
Note of the Bass should be in the Space next above the middle Line. p. 66. v. 14. line 1. omit
the Word, u. p. 82. v. 32. for forishes, read forishes. p. 117. v. 10. for the, read there.
p. 118. v. 16. for seen, read seen. Book II. p. 155. v. 6. in the Margin, for her, read him. p.
159. for Hildes, read Hildes. p. 144. v. 9. for was, read were. p. 180. v. 4. line 3. for
now, read now. p. 191. the 11th Note of the Bass should be on the upper line. p. 172. the
26 Note of the 1st line of the Tune should be on the middle Line. p. 194. v. 1. for my, read By.
p. 200. a ♯ following to the 18 Note of the Canon.

An

*An Alphabetical Table of all the HYMNS, ANTHEMS,
and CANONS included in the Second Book.*

N ^o .	Beginnings,	Page.
5.	A Mazing change ! no wonder that we dread	161.
7	Awake my Soul, and with the <i>Sun</i> , —	167.
34.	Awake my Soul, rise from this <i>Bed</i> , —	207.
12.	Be all devoted unto <i>God</i> , — — —	170.
20.	Behold, the <i>Grace</i> appears ! — — —	185.
10.	Can I cease my <i>God</i> , from <i>Singing</i> ? —	189.
16.	Come, mild and Holy <i>Dove</i> , — — —	177.
18	Change me, in ev'ry part, O <i>Dove</i> , —	181.
35.	Come <i>holy Spirit</i> , send down thy Beams,	209.
27.	Fain would my Thoughts rise up to thee, —	196.
19.	Give me thy <i>Love</i> , I ask no more, —	183.
29.	<i>God</i> , who hath now unseal'd mine Eyes, —	198.
31.	Great, Great and Marvellous are —	201.
22.	Haste, and put on thy <i>Armour</i> bright, —	189.
30.	Hark ! from the <i>Tomb's</i> a doleful sound ! —	199.
36.	Hear my Prayer, O <i>LORD</i> , — — —	219.
8.	I will magnify my <i>God</i> and King, —	168.
11.	I nothing am, I nothing have, — — —	170.
17.	Joyn <i>Spirits</i> , to adore the <i>Lamb</i> , —	179.
28.	In vain, for <i>Wealth</i> we strive each Day, —	197.
32.	Keep me, keep me, O <i>LORD</i> , from —	205.
3.	Let ev'ry mortal <i>praise</i> the <i>LORD</i> , —	160.
23.	My <i>God</i> , how endless is thy <i>Love</i> ? —	191.
26.	My <i>Sins</i> , O <i>CHRIST</i> , extend to thee, —	195.
15.	Nothing but <i>Jesus</i> , will I Love, —	175.
6.	O <i>God</i> , my <i>God</i> , O why withdrawn thine Aid ?	163.
24.	O <i>Praise</i> the <i>Lord</i> , with sacred <i>Hymns</i> , —	193.
25.	O <i>LORD</i> , Behold a wretched one, —	194.
9.	Our Songs on Earth shall praise <i>God's</i> Name,	168.
2.	The Man is blest that never goes astray, —	159.
14.	That dismal <i>Night</i> , when our dear <i>LORD</i>	173.
4	The <i>Day</i> will come, when <i>Friends</i> will moan,	160.
1.	With fervent <i>Zeal</i> , serve thou thy <i>God</i> and King,	157.
13.	When I survey that wondrous <i>Cross</i> , —	172.
21.	When thou by Fiends art hard beset, —	187.
33.	When all Mankind had by their <i>Sins</i> —	206.
36.	Worship the <i>LORD</i> , in the Beauty of —	211.

F I N I S.